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*The
Family
of
Nelson Drake*

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Back to 1630

*New York and Michigan Pioneers
With Genealogy Supplement
by Floyd Nelson Drake*

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*The
Family
of
Nelson Drake*



DRAKE COAT OF ARMS

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How Come?

My first interest in this family study was from pure curiosity. I wanted to know how we got here, where we came from, and what kind of people were our ancestors. All of this was unknown to me beyond my paternal grandparents. As search for this information gradually widened and penetrated farther back into the history of Michigan, New York State and New England, it occurred to me that this written account might have an interest to some persons beyond our own family.

Basically this is an humble attempt to preserve our family record before the dim tracks in the sands of time are altogether trampled out. It is not just a searching out of names and birth dates, but also a history study of the times and places in which our forebears lived. It will help us to see them more nearly as they really were. They were very real people. We could wish that some of them were different, but we cannot change that. We might wish that we were different, too. I will stick to the facts as I have found them. Truth will prove to be stranger than fiction. There is plenty of romance, excitement, danger, faith, courage and tragedy in this account. These people had important parts as defenders of the nation, pathfinders and pioneers, moving with the advancing frontiers, where life was hardest in the development of our great land.

The Drakes have furnished important leadership in Michigan and also in the nation. This account is not at all in the nature of a genealogy. It is rather the story of a family, whose line reaches back to 1630 in America. I have however appended a genealogy of the last five generations beginning in Dansville, Michigan, in 1840.

I had often thought of making this research, but as a minister of the Methodist Church, I had not the time nor the sustained interest necessary for doing it. But, in my retirement, I believed that it was something important and satisfying that I might do; and perhaps it would be something

that no one else would do. Piecing together scattered facts with assumptions is rather hazardous, but I will try to indicate where my personal opinions enter in. Family historians, who may come later, perhaps will supplement my information and correct my mistakes.

I have not been motivated by any fond notion that I might find some great ancestor, who would shed glory on us all. I do not hold to the idea that we are to be credited very much for the achievements of our forefathers, or to be discredited for their failures. Each generation gets a new issue of life, coming from another family. So the older family strains are soon diluted, or enriched, as the case may be. It seems to me that each of us has a heavy responsibility for himself to make the most of, or the best of his family inheritance.

I find that there are a few early Drake genealogies. The best that I have found are in the Burton Historical Collection. However, one soon discovers that family lines branch off with every generation, and they also multiply rapidly. So such genealogies are not much help in tracing backward the family line. If one can get his family line back far enough, then he may be able to hitch onto one of these genealogies, which I have done back through one hundred years to 1630.

Having a good heritage is something of which to be proud. It helps us to straighten up our shoulders and try to be good ancestors ourselves. It is very satisfying to know the line of one's descent, and to know exactly how we came to be, and to be citizens of this great state of Michigan and of our nation. We were born free! Free, back as far as you can go! Some people can boast that their ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Ours came over only ten years later, and nearly in the same place, and they were actually associated with the Pilgrim venture. We have behind us three centuries of American citizenship in the Drake family. For about two hundred and fifty years they were pioneers in America.

As this story proceeds it eventually comes to my own personal family. Until I was more than thirty years old, my life was closely linked with my father, Nelson Drake. This means that in this account there must be considerable reference to myself. I have attempted to spare the reader much

of this by confining this narrative to that which is relevant to the family story and to the times of it. It is probable that younger readers will appreciate their own privileges more if they became more acquainted with the times of even my generation.

Vital statistics were not kept in Michigan until 1837, and then very poorly in some counties. Many new officials were unacquainted with such work, and they did not have the techniques for the collection of such facts well worked out. It was even later in western New York state. In the post-Revolutionary War period families generally were shifting to new lands of the West and it was difficult or impossible to keep track of them. We have had to rely on court and land records, old newspaper files, cemetery lists, census files and military records. There is an abundance of historical material in the libraries, but the names we want are seldom or never mentioned. However, the descriptions of the times and places are reliable and they help very much in giving us ideas of how our ancestors lived.

A valuable helper to me was Mrs. Dorothy Facer, Historian for Wayne County, N.Y. She has access to and can dig up the necessary files in that area. Another was Albert L. Johnson, a sheep ranch owner at Harlem, Montana, whose wife is a Drake. Our common quest met in the search at Lyons, N.Y. Mrs. Facer brought us together by mail. Albert Johnson has spent considerable money and travel in this search. Our families met or were joined by two brothers, Reuben and John Drake of Lyons, N.Y. Mrs. Johnson is descended from Reuben Drake of Lyons, and our line is through John. Our subsequent frequent correspondence by mail has been mutually helpful, particularly to me.

I want to express thanks to the many members of the family who have readily replied to my inquiries for the preparation of the genealogy supplement. They should feel that they are really a part of this record.

The significant thing about this story is not the importance of anyone mentioned in it, but rather that this family is quite typical of a cross section of American pioneer and rural life, as it has unfolded in those years. From such comes a good omen for tomorrow.

The Name, the Coat of Arms, and Sir Francis

Drake is one of the oldest surnames in history. In Roman times it was written in Latin as Draco or Drago, meaning "one who leads". The standard bearers of the Roman legions were appropriately called Draconarii. They carried a golden eagle on the shaft of their standard at the head of the legion columns for hundreds of years. The eagle naturally became a part of the Drake coat of arms. This is evidence of the historical association of the Drakes with the Roman armies. The name Drake is found also earlier among the Greeks. In 600 B.C. in Greece the celebrated Draco drew up a code of harsh laws which bears his name.

There were three branches of Drakes in England, the Yorkshire, the Norfolk and the Devon. They all had the same coat of arms, but each branch had a different crest on the helmet. I understand that the Devons were the original Drakes in England. They first lived on "the biggest hill" near Ashe in Devonshire. It was called Mt. Drake. It is a tableland of about 160 acres. One of the early owners was John Drake, Esquire, a man of wealth. He married an heiress in 1413, which gives us a date. Mt. Drake was held by the Devon Drakes for about four hundred years. Devonshire is in the southwestern part of England and borders on the English Channel.

The Drake coat of arms was in use during the Crusades. It was patented in 1272. It developed out of the heraldry of the times, when men fought and jousted in iron armor with the spear and the battle-ax. Because the face was covered by a helmet, a conspicuous symbol was necessary for identification. This device was emblazoned upon the shield. The shield gave expression to the man's reputation as a warrior. Knights and princes also wore a crest with a more distinctive symbol.

As the modes of battle changed with the passing of the years, the shield and crest and the motto scroll were put on the coat or banner in proper colors. Later this became a mark of distinction for the family. Then it was also put on gateways and buildings. It was a bit of the glory of feudalism that lived on. The motto scroll reflected the ancient battle cry of the family. The great seals of government grew out of the coat of arms. The United States adopted a coat of arms before it authorized the Great Seal in 1782. The eagle has been the symbol not only of ancient Rome but of France and of the United States.

The Anglo Saxons, who came into the British Isles in the fifth century, seem to have given the Drakes a suggestion for their shield. The Anglo Saxon word, *draca*, meant dragon. This horrible, mythical reptile would be a perfect device with which to scare the enemy. The dragon was an ancient symbol, originating with the Egyptians. In the heraldic "zoo" the birds and beasts tended to become mixed for the figures to be put on the shields, as in the case of the Drake design. The wings, legs and talons of the eagle were used. The eagle represents strength, swiftness and courage. The feathers were replaced by scales. This terrible eagle-dragon device is known in heraldry as a wivern. The raised wings show it ready for an attack flight. Its attitude is one of malice and warning. Only two colors were to be used on the Drake coat of arms, according to the "Blazoning", which was the official proclamation of the description when authority was granted for its use. The color description was "argent, wivern gules". "Argent" or silver for the shield, and "gules" or red for the wivern. "Emblazoning" was the work of a specialist artist, who made the drawing and painted the coloring.

The Latin motto reads, "*Aquila non captat muscas*", being interpreted as, The eagle does not intend to seize flies.

The Drake Hotel in Chicago prints on its stationary a miniature and somewhat changed copy of the Drake coat of arms. The verb in the motto is also changed in their version to "capit", the present indicative form.

Sir Francis Drake (about 1540-1596) was one of the Devon Drakes. He was born near Devonshire. As we all know, his

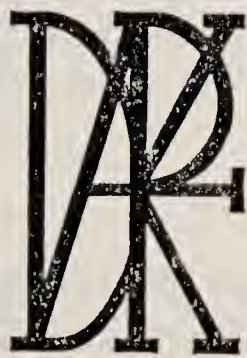
many sea exploits made him famous. He was the first Englishman to sail around the world, and the English claim to our Northwest was by his exploration. He was granted the right in 1581, by the English government, to display the Drake coat of arms. This authority was granted through Cook, Clarenceau, King of Arms. The record reads: "... by just descent and prerogative of birth to bear the arms of his name and family, argent, a wivern gules, with the difference of a third brother, as I am informed by Bernard Drake of Ashe, chief coat-armour, and sundry of the family of worship and good credit".

There is a story about Sir Bernard Drake and Sir Francis: When Sir Bernard happened to meet his relative, Sir Francis, in the queen's court, he boxed him on the ear for assuming the red wivern for his arms. Queen Elizabeth resented the affront and bestowed upon Sir Francis "a new coat of everlasting honor".

The original Sir Winston Churchill (1620-1688) married Elizabeth Drake. They are ancestors of the present Sir Winston Churchill of England. This first Sir Winston said of Sir Francis Drake, "Sir Francis found no eagle more terrible than himself to guard the Spanish treasures".

None of us is descended directly from Sir Francis for the very good reason that he did not have children. He was married twice, but neither wife bore him children. But Sir Francis had eleven brothers, like Joseph of old!

Several prominent Drakes, well enough known to have biographical sketches written about them in library volumes, have left the claim that they were descendents of Sir Francis Drake. Francis Marion Drake (1830-1903) from Drakeville, Iowa, a railroad builder of the West, a governor of Iowa, and after whom Drake University is named, was more correct, because his biography claims that he was a descendent of a brother of Sir Francis.



*Ancient Drake
Monogram*

This was likely used for what was called a "badge" in heraldry. A "badge" was a simple official design put upon military equipment and articles of domestic use, and also worn by servants and military attendants to designate family ownership. The use of the "badge" fell off during the time of Queen Elizabeth I. This was also the time of Sir Francis Drake.

Chapter 1

Parting the Curtains of the Past

*Ten thousand forebearers march within my blood;
Their life streams merge and lift me in its flood.
My heart be swift and steadfast, bold and true;
Ten thousand hearts have put their trust in you.*

ELINOR LINNEN.

I happen to be a third generation Michigander. The parents of my father, Nelson Drake, came into this state just as it reached statehood. They helped to unwrap its swaddling clothes. King George III and Napoleon had then just nicely been settled in their graves. These Drakes were a part of the big Yankee migration from New York state, which migration gave such a distinctive character to Michigan. Franklin Pierce and his wife drove in an ox cart all the way from Oneida, N.Y. to Marshall, Michigan in 1830, when Marshall was just a few log huts. He set up the school system of Michigan. The Ford brothers, William and Jerry, came from Cayuga County, N.Y. and started the city of Jackson. Several of the first Governors of Michigan came from New York. None of them was any relation of ours. Lower Michigan is peppered with towns that got their names from places in New York. But our family cannot boast of anything big. They were very common folks, like those the Lord loves because He made so many of them. Our people came to get land for farming and to share the promised prosperity of this great state of Michigan. Moreover these Drakes were a part of a succession of Drake pioneers, who over a period of two-hundred-fifty years moved westward from the shores of New England, entering each successive frontier of civilization as it advanced toward the Promised Land of the Lakes. They knew the thrills of carving out new homes in the wilderness. They represent some of the durable fabric

of American life. They were mostly literate, moral, Protestant, God-fearing people. Our strong bodies were forged before our birth by their hard labor with ax and saw — and the sword. Our moral concern, our ingenuity, our venturing spirit, our sense of responsibility, our fierce love of liberty and of political freedom, all were sharpened as they were passed on to us through these Yankee pioneers.

Today the Drakes are scattered over the entire nation, in every city and in most every community. Yet most of us have a common ancestry, such as shall be sketched here in this account.

The Drakes moved into southern Michigan as the Indians moved out and as the wolves reluctantly retreated. They burned the hard oak trees in windrows, to make room to plant their grain. They cut the wheat with the sickle and threshed it with the flail. Then they carried it on their backs to a distant stream, where it was ground with millstones to make their bread.

The first of my grandparents to enter Michigan was Sarah Powell, in 1831. She was then but nine years old. She came with her parents, Jeremiah and Sarah Powell from the state of New York. Young Sarah nine years later was to marry my grandfather, George Drake, when he should arrive and have a home for her. The Powells took up land and settled in the wooded wilderness of Waterloo, in the north-east corner of Jackson county. In 1836 Emeline Drake Geer, an older sister of George Drake, with her husband and two small children, came to Michigan and in their journey passed through Waterloo and went on to Ingham Township in Ingham County, to take up 160 acres of land from the United States Government. They were among the very first to settle in Ingham county. In 1838 George Drake (to become my grandfather), then unmarried, arrived in Ingham Township with two other sisters and bought land of his brother-in-law, Marvin Geer. The two southern tiers of counties were homesteaded first, then the third tier, in which is Ingham County.

Having sketched this briefly, let us leave this story for a while at this point that we may write the story of their antecedents. Then we will come back to Ingham Township,

Ingham County, Michigan, with a better understanding of the family.

My father, Nelson Drake, never talked much about his family, or maybe it was because I wasn't listening. Like youths in general I was more interested in the present. Later, in the brief times of visits, there was little opportunity for reminiscence. How often we wish we had inquired before death had sealed his lips! I have now discovered that my father never knew his grandparents because they had been dead long before he was born.

It was rather by accident that I found where the family had come from to Michigan. I was looking up old land titles in Ingham County, when I came across a deed to a Cornelia Drake. In further search, I discovered that she had sold the parcel of eighty acres the same year in which she had bought it, 1846. In the transfer she gave her address as Lyons, Wayne County, New York. This was the only clew that I had. This opened a whole chain of references. Cornelia turned out to be a step-sister of my grandfather, George Drake. She was the daughter of his father's second wife, by her first husband. She, like her mother, had married a Drake. So this step-sister became a stepping stone for me in the search for our family. George Drake must have thought a lot of his step sister, for he named his first child, Cornelia, who was my "Aunt Neal".

Chapter 2

John Drake of Lyons, N. Y.

George Drake's father was John Drake, Jr., of Lyons, N.Y. He was born about 1787. It was in Lyons, N.Y., that he lived and raised his family. The Jr. does not mean that his father's name was John. That had me puzzled for a while. It happened that he was named after his uncle, John, and the designation was used to distinguish them as a legal name. In early days when families were large and names often repeated, and when related families lived in the same areas, such a device was necessary. A familiar historical example of this can be cited in the name of Patrick Henry. He signed himself as Jr., but Patrick was not his father's name. It was the name of an uncle, Patrick Henry, an Anglican priest in Virginia. In the case of John Drake the Jr. was only used on legal papers. Otherwise he was just called John Drake. We will call him John Drake of Lyons, N.Y.

Lyons is roughly about halfway between Buffalo and Albany and about fifteen miles south of Lake Ontario and just north of Seneca Lake. John Drake was a contractor in the building of the Erie Canal. He worked on the western section of the canal in the Lockport area. In 1821 he first built farm bridges over the canal and was paid \$60 for building such a bridge. For road bridges he was paid \$450 for two. Later he formed a construction company, called the John Drake Co., and repaired breeches in the canal, probably caused by storm damage. Such contracts were in the \$10,000 class. In 1823 he took in partners and named the company, "The Drake, Collins and Perrine Co." They took jobs in building canal sections, forty feet wide at the top, twenty-eight at the bottom and four feet deep. They were paid about \$50,000 for this work. That was a lot of money in those days. These accounts were taken from the records of the Canal Society of New York. It is evident that John Drake had a lot of initiative and ability and

was enterprising. He began at the small jobs, and as he became proficient he formed a company, of which he was the head, to take on the big jobs.

Work on the canal was hard and hazardous. There was no powered machinery then. Explosives were used. Oxen and mules strained on the loads and in the excavations. Shovels and wheelbarrows were the tools. The forest and swamps on the route were cleared with ax and saw. Many of the workers died of swamp fever, exposure and by accident.

John's wife, Sarah, called Sally, suddenly died just as his canal work was well started, the date being June 3, 1822. She left him with seven children, the oldest being twelve and the youngest a babe in arms. On top of that a year later, about October 1, 1823, Ebenezer Drake, age fifteen, died at Ridgeway. Two weeks later William Drake, age twenty-two died at Lyons. Both were the sons of a John Drake, whom we believe was the uncle of John Drake, Jr. We venture the opinion that these two young cousins of the contractor died as the result of an accident while assisting him in the canal construction. Thus tragedy was stalking John Drake of Lyons.

Left with his motherless family and with contract work far from home, John Drake did what many others had to do on the frontiers, — that is, marry too soon. The new wife seems to have been an older widow, and likely was his housekeeper. Her name was Rebecca Farwell. She had two nearly grown children, Cornelia, and a son. Cornelia, before-mentioned, twenty-five years later went to Michigan and bought eighty acres of land and sold it the same year, probably disillusioned. Then she returned to Lyons, N.Y.

After the Erie Canal was open to traffic in 1825, the Drake, Collins and Perrine Company evidently took other canal contracts east of Lyons in Oswego county. Then the curtain of fate dropped on John Drake, himself. He was in the prime of life and sixty miles from home at Volney, N.Y. when he suddenly died on October 29, 1827. One wonders again about the hazards of the canal work. I have been unable to find a newspaper report of an accident. Perhaps such accidents were too common to be reported.

Let us look at his family now. He left his widow, Rebecca, whom he had married four or five years before, and the seven children. They were, Fannie, then seventeen, and already married to a Penuel Lambright. Then there was Emeline, fifteen, and George, twelve, who became my grandfather; then Sarah, nine, and two younger children, James and Elizabeth. I have been unable to find the birth years of these last two, neither do I know anything more about them. Then there was Hannah, who was a babe in arms at the time of her mother's death.

John Drake died, without having made provision for his family and he did not make a will, for he was in his forties and certainly was not expecting anything to happen to him. So his immediate male relatives petitioned the court at Lyons to settle his estate. These petitioners were Reuben and James Drake, brothers of the deceased, Penuel Lambright, the son-in-law, and J. W. Pennington, probably a relative of Rebecca.

I think they must all have been greatly surprized when the claims against his estate were all added up. They reached the figure of \$14,238 as against the inventoried value of his resources of \$2,083. After sixty-eight acres of land was awarded to Rebecca as the widow's dower right, there evidently was not much awarded to the children. The claims were settled at less than six cents on the dollar.

A man's estate settlement reveals quite a lot about himself. John Drake's estate file is voluminous with claims. Most of them had to do with his contract work. There are blacksmith bills, listing horse shoeing, chains, forks, axes, plows and edgers, with other tools. There is a bill for a yoke of oxen of \$145. Another for lumber, another for a doctor's claim of \$150; one from a boot maker, legal fees and court judgements, bank loans, notes in four figures against the company. Even bills signed by Mr. Perrine, the partner, were filed against John Drake.

A claim in the file which may be a characteristic of the time, is a two-year-old bill for whiskey. Whiskey was thought to be necessary at least for those who worked in malaria infested areas. This bill by F. H. Mott, evidently a general store keeper, was for a long list of household items

and included a charge for thirty gallons of whiskey. It is dated July, 1825. The price of the whiskey was 2/6 in English money, or about 56¢ per gallon. This unpaid bill is not complete evidence that John Drake was a whiskey drinker for he may have bought it for his workers. It is evidence however that he was careless in letting his personal home charge accounts go unpaid for two years. While we try to interpret the facts in a favorable light, one does wonder if whiskey, insolvency, and tragedy were not linked together here, as is usually the case today.

Another thing revealed is that there was no funeral or burial claim in the file. Undertakers have to be careful to insure the payment of their bills, and the family could not afford to leave such a bill unpaid. The most plausible supposition is that the brothers, Reuben and James, paid this account and took the claim from the estate file. We have difficulty in locating the grave of John Drake. However, there is a Drake lot in the South Cemetery at Lyons, which appears to have been used; but it has no monument or markers on it. This is likely the place, there having not been money with which to buy permanent markers.

John Drake's children, all being minors, were placed by the court under the guardianship of his brother, James Drake. The widow, Rebecca, was relieved altogether of the responsibility for them. After all she was not married to the family. James Drake and his wife, Anna, must have already had four children and would have four more, yet to be born, before James died seven years later. When they had added the children of John Drake to their own, as we assume they did under the circumstances, it made a big family for them. However Hannah was married and Emeline was soon transferred to the guardianship of John Drake's brother, Reuben. Then three years later Reuben Drake also took over responsibility for George, then sixteen. Reuben had fourteen children of his own. Such was the sense of family responsibility of these two brothers of John Drake in this time of family crises. These families evidently were very close in their concern for each other. The children, though cousins, must have come to seem like brothers and sisters to each other.

One more item about John Drake's estate. When Rebecca signed the receipt for the 68 acres of land awarded to her, she signed it with an X. Could this mean that she could not write her name? It appears to me likely. She survived her husband by seventeen years, and then willed the estate land to her daughter, Cornelia, before-mentioned, and money to her own grandchildren.

We will come back to John Drake's family later and follow some of them into Michigan. First, it will be helpful in understanding them, if we sketch the conditions in which they lived in central New York, noting how they happened to be there and what was the origin of the family.

Chapter 3

Colonel William Drake of the Revolution

The clew to the discovering the father of John Drake of Lyons, N.Y. was found in a biographical sketch in "Representative Men of Michigan". It was of Elijah Hamlin Drake, M.D., of Detroit. It stated that Dr. Drake had left Lyons, N.Y. as a boy in 1838 to go to live with a brother in Marshall, Michigan. It also stated that his father was Reuben Drake of Lyons, N.Y., and that his grandfather was a Col. William Drake of the Revolutionary War, who had come to Lyons from New York City in 1812. It soon became evident that this Reuben Drake was a brother of John Drake. When we found the court settlement of John Drake's estate, this relationship was confirmed. It was further confirmed in several incidents as our research continued.

William Drake enlisted in New York City on August 28, 1779, toward the close of the War. His name appears on a report of Lieut. John Fleming's Company of Col. John Lamb's artillery regiment. He had enlisted as a matross. In the Revolution a matross was a private in an artillery company. Considering his father's age, he must have been still in his middle teens. In those bitter, last years of the struggle for independence, this was not uncommon. I further calculate that he won his rank after the surrender of Cornwallis (1781) while serving in the State militia. However, I have been unable to find promotion appointments to a William Drake of Ulster county before July 1890, when he was assigned Bounty Lands. There are several such appointments after that date. I hope to get the whole story straight later. There is a record under the U.S. Indian Bureau Service, found in the Michigan Historical Collection, Vol. 24, of a Col. William Drake, 1790-91. He was in charge of a company of soldiers at Ft. Pitt (Pittsburgh). His company was sent

down the Ohio River on barges to protect settlers in lower Ohio state from the Indians. In the earlier dispatches from Secy. Knox he was called Col. William Drake, but in the later ones, having to do with the same expedition, the name Col. Darke is used, and later repeated. This appears to me to have been a transition of letters by a printer's error. This may be our Col. William Drake.

Why and how did he come to Lyons, N.Y. in 1812? New York, west of the Hudson River, perhaps for thousands of years had been the home-land of several Indian tribes. They were federated together in the colonial period and the French called them Iroquois. The French and English both wooed them and sought their help in the struggle for possession of this area. Only fifteen years before the Drakes arrived at Lyons these tribes had concluded a treaty with the United States government (1797) conceding the lands south of Lake Ontario to the Ohio River. But the Indians were slow in moving out. They believed that they had been cheated. So they continued to make the settlement of the area difficult. The Dutch had already settled along the Mohawk River years earlier, and as far west as Utica. But from there west there was no passable road, until about 1800. By that year the state had opened a turnpike, beginning at Utica and going about eighty miles west to the Seneca Lake region. It was not what we call a road. It went through forest and swamps, and over the steep hills, without gravel or good grading. Toll bridges were built over the many streams and rivers that were crossed. A traveler in those early days said that he had to keep his hand in his pocket to constantly get coins for the toll. A stage managed to get along on it in stages. It carried pry poles as standard equipment so the passengers could help pry the stage out of the mud holes. Anyhow along this long route toward western New York about 1811, following many other immigrants in "big wagons", drawn by four or six horses or oxen, moved Col. William Drake with his four sons and their young families. James, the youngest, was not yet married, being only eighteen years old. There may have been other children in the Colonel's family, only we do not know about them. The four sons were Reuben, John, William Jr. and James. They

had come at least from Newburgh, up the Hudson to Albany, about eighty miles, and then about 180 miles west. Settlers along the road made a business of giving the simplest of accommodations to travelers for a charge. Food could be supplied but the travelers had to cook it themselves. At night they rolled up in blankets and laid on the floor in many cases. Provender could be furnished for the animals. It is likely that other Drakes accompanied this family in their trek westward into central New York. We know that they stopped for some time in what is now Seneca county, for Col. William had land there and Reuben's third child was born there. How did Col. William Drake happen to have land in that area?

At the close of the Revolution the State of New York set aside 1½-million acres in Central New York as Military Lands, which came to be known as Bounty Lands. The purpose was evidently to settle this wilderness and to reward the soldiers of the State in the way of a bonus and for back wages. This area included Ontario County, and about thirty years later (1823) it was divided to make Wayne, Seneca, Cayuga, Oswego and Onondaga Counties. In 1789 this area was surveyed into numbered townships and then into numbered Lots. Each Lot was to contain 150 acres. The size of a soldier's claim depended on his rank. A Colonel could receive 600 acres, while the lowest commissioned officer, an ensign, could receive 150 acres. Col. William Drake applied to the state for Bounty Land and was awarded four Lots, or 600 acres, the date being July 7, 1790. This was seven years before the Indians had conceded the land to the United States, and 20 years before his trek to Central New York. One of these Lots was Lot 37 in Township 11. Township 11 was in what is now Romulus Township in Seneca County, near Waterloo, and about twenty-five miles south of Lyons. The other three Lots were probably adjacent. The Ballotting Books, which are printed copies of the original records, are not very clear on all points. However, Col. William Drake sold his rights to Lot 37 to a Richard Collier, perhaps a speculator, who received the patent for that Lot 37 directly from the State. In making the land transfer Col.

William Drake gave his address as Newburgh, N.Y., thereby giving to us the location of his earlier home.

Lyons began on the Clyde River. Other streams joined it there. In the beginning it was known as a "sickly" town because so many of the people were prostrated with fever. This was probably because the land was low and undrained. In the earliest records that I could find I read the tale of Indians shooting two white men as they were sawing logs. The murdering Indians were chased down and killed with clubs. In 1800 there were only a few log cabins there. As late as 1818 there were thirty Indian huts there.

Salt was hard to get. When the river was high a boat with salt could get through from Salt Point to Lyons. A Sodus man had a trail opened through the woods at considerable expense so that his ox team could be driven to Lyons to bring back salt. Around 1800 there was a very heavy snowfall in that area. It crusted with ice and the deer could not run through it. The wolves killed so many deer that afterwards the stench of decaying flesh filled the whole area.

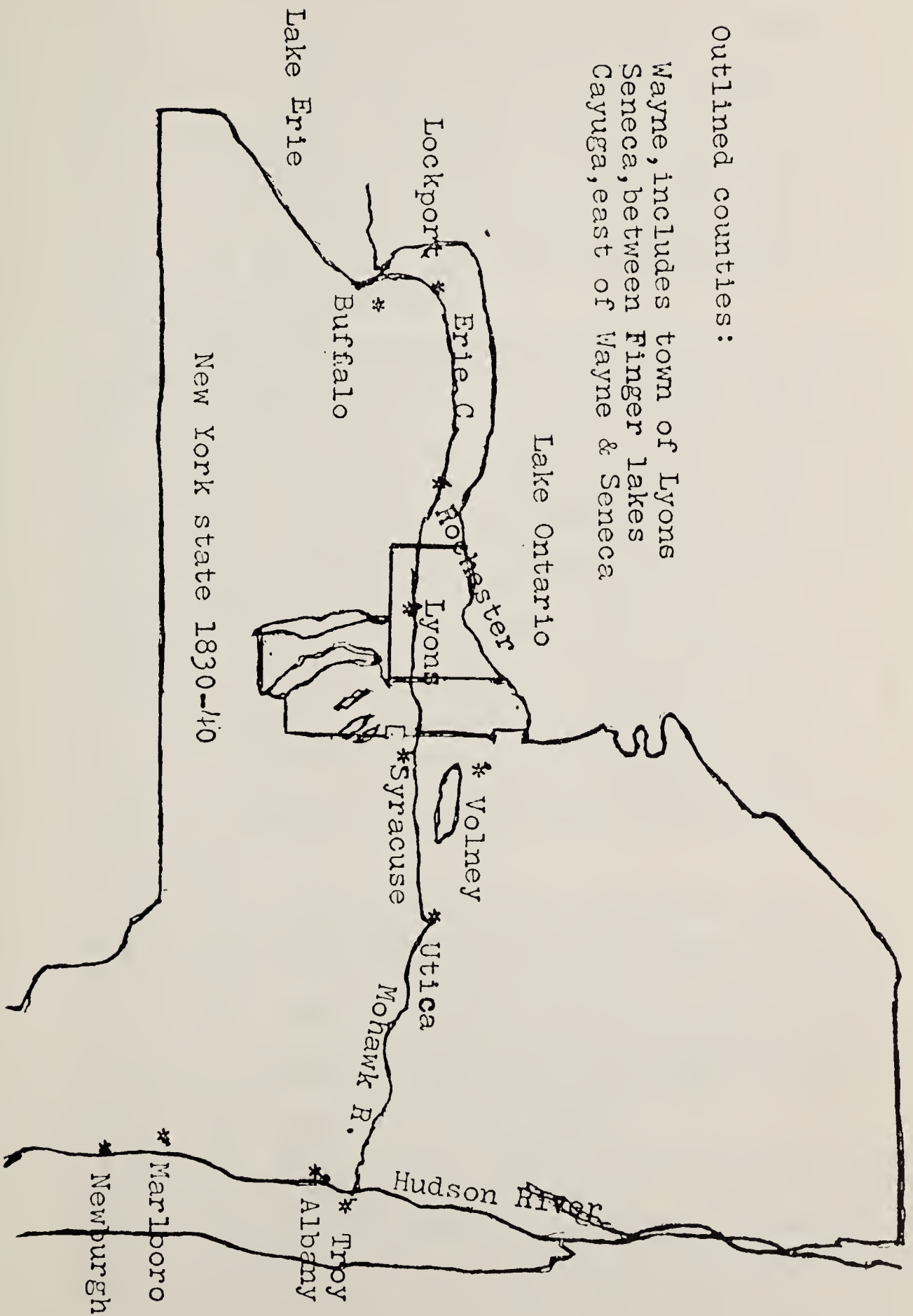
In 1803 the first house of worship was built there. It was a log Methodist Church. The Rev. John Cole was the first minister. The vitality of the new Methodist movement was evident in those days as the circuit riders pushed into the frontiers and met the settlers as they arrived. This was true at Lyons. Reuben Drake and his family became members of that early church. According to the biographical sketch, before referred to, Elijah Hamlin Drake, Reuben's son, was converted there at an early age.

The records say that whiskey was the curse of the Lyons area in that early day. The first wheat they raised there was made into whiskey. It was difficult to get help to build a log house without offering the inducement of a jug of whiskey. No wonder that John Drake of Lyons fell a victim to it, if he really did.

Later when highways were cut through and the "Big Wagons", as they called them, arrived, and the canal was opened, Lyons grew fast into quite a city. There were about sixty families in Lyons when the Drakes arrived in 1812.

Outlined counties:

Wayne, includes town of Lyons
Seneca, between Finger lakes
Cayuga, east of Wayne & Seneca



So John Drake, his father and his brothers were pioneers in this new country, just won from the British and from the Indians. At the time of their arrival it was protected by a company of soldiers. The Drakes may have had some land but they had very little money. They labored early and late to build homes and support their families. A writer of the time said that their luxuries were the simple necessities. Follies and foolishness were quite unknown. The roads were as yet only blazed trails. Lyons was named after Lyons, France. So there must have been some Frenchmen there who had hopes for the town.

Soon after their arrival at Lyons three of the brothers, Reuben, John and James Drake, were promptly drafted into the state militia for the War of 1812-14 was on. In June, 1813, five sail of British war vessels were on Lake Ontario and appeared off Sodus Point just north of Lyons. They carried about 100 cannon. All public property was then removed from that place for safety. One hundred of the enemy landed under cover of darkness, but they met resistance. Three of their soldiers were killed and seven wounded. The next morning a body of British soldiers landed and destroyed 200 barrels of flour, many barrels of pork and whiskey, plundered the village, and set fire to the houses. A courier was then sent on horseback to spread the alarm to Lyons. As he sped along, he blew his horn and cried, "The British are coming". So Lyons had its own Paul Revere.

It was this same month of June, 1813, during this excitement and imminent danger that the three Drake young men were drafted. They were placed in the same company, under Lieut. John VanAuken, and in regiment, number 71. But this war was soon over, after Commodore Perry defeated the British on Lake Erie in September of 1813. A private soldier's pay was \$8 per month.

These four sons of Col. William Drake eventually had forty children altogether. Reuben had fourteen, Elijah Hamlin Drake, before-mentioned, being the ninth. William Drake, Jr. had eleven; James had eight, and John Drake had seven. Most of them were given Bible names after the custom of their ancestral families. With such a population

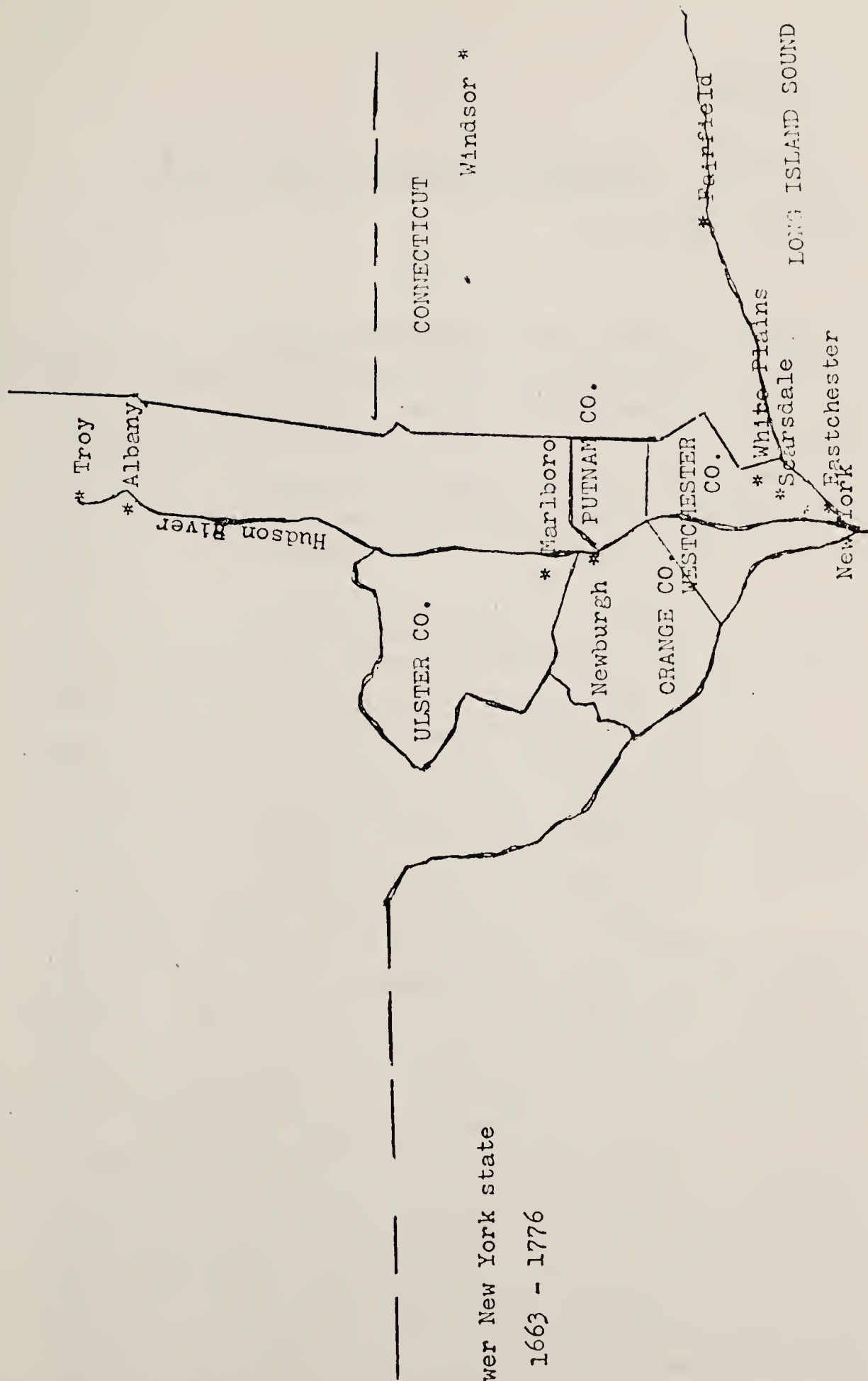
explosion right in the Lyons area, it is no wonder that some of them, when they grew up, joined the great westward migration that flowed by them on the Erie Canal.

Some of Reuben's sons went to Michigan into Ingham and Calhoun Counties. Reuben, himself later took up Bounty Land, based probably on his service in the War of 1812. To locate on it he moved to Cameron, Steuben County, N.Y. He died there in 1854. He and Rebecca had been married fifty years. They had married when each of them was only eighteen years old. Rebecca then went to live with her children in Michigan and died there. Of the three other of Col. William's sons, William, Jr. died in 1826 at Lyons, John in 1827 and James in 1834. The early deaths of these three sons while in their forties gives additional evidence of the hard and dangerous times in which this generation lived.

As we cannot find any record left of Col. William Drake while he lived in the Lyons area after his arrival there in 1812, it seems probable to me that he also may have died there at rather an early date. This would account for his name not being found on the pension lists of the Revolution.

Lower New York state

1663 - 1776



Chapter 4

The Reverend Reuben Drake *1745-1794*

The father of Colonel William Drake was the Reverend Reuben Drake of Marlboro, Ulster County, N.Y. Marlboro is on the Hudson River, just above Newburgh, where was the home of Col. William Drake. I am indebted to Albert L. Johnson of Harlem, Montana, for the family records of Rev. Reuben Drake and the historical data about him. Mr. Johnson's wife's family line and ours met in Col. William Drake.

The Rev. Reuben Drake appears to have been an early resident in the then village of Marlboro. He came there with some of his brothers and a sister, Sarah. Some of their names are in the town's records. Samuel Drake, M.D., was the town's clerk. Brother Uriah laid out the Platskill Road. Rev. Reuben was the Poor Master. A great granddaughter of his, Henrietta Ballow, added the information that he was the pastor of a Baptist church at Pleasant Valley. He died at Pleasant Valley, leaving a considerable estate.

His wife, Phoebe, had her hands full in raising their nine children. They were all given Bible names except William, the Col. William of our story. Cornelius, the oldest, also got into the Revolution as well as into the War of 1812. He took up Bounty Land in Herkimer County at Salisbury, N.Y. He became the supervisor of that town in 1803-05. He died in 1822 by choking at the dinner table.

Rev. Reuben Drake left a spiritual heritage of Christian influence that lasted for generations. He was born at Scarsdale, Westchester County, N.Y. This was quite close to New York City. His father was Samual Drake of Fox Meadow, Scarsdale. Reuben and some of Reuben's brothers moved their families north during the Revolution and they left their names on the tax lists of Putnam County. By the

end of the war they had crossed the Hudson to live at Marlboro. Some of Rev. Reuben's brothers had important service in the nation's political as well as military service, as may be noted in the following chapter.

Joseph Rodman Drake, (1795-1820), the family's poet, lived in New York City. He is believed to have been the grandson of Rev. Reuben Drake's brother, Benjamin. He gained national and historic recognition by his poem, "The American Flag." This poem captured the noble patriotic feelings and the high hopes for America that citizens generally held at the beginning of our nation's history. The poem lives because it still expresses the same feelings and hopes in all of us.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

(Stanzas 1 and 5)

*When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set her stars of glory there.
She mingled with its glorious dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.*

*Flag of the free heart's hope and home
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breaths the foe but falls before us;
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner floating o'er us.*

Fritz-Green Halleck, poet and contemporary of Joseph Rodman Drake, wrote thus of him:

*"None knew thee but to love thee;
None named thee but to praise."*

The First Hundred Years

The Drake family began in America in 1630, when John Drake and his family came to Boston in a ship, not much different from the Mayflower that landed near there ten years earlier. His father, a John Drake, was a member of the Council of Plymouth and of the original Company for the settlement of New England; having received his appointment from King James in 1606. John Drake, who came to Boston, was born in 1590 of the Drake family of Ashe in Devonshire, England. He also had ancestors among the Plantagenets. Our story has to do with him and his direct descendants.

Another Drake and his wife and children came to America from England twelve years later in 1642. His name was Robert Drake. He brought at least a part of a cargo of merchandise and settled at Exeter on the New Hampshire coast. There he set up a store for the selling of his goods. About ten years later he removed to Hampton, N.H. He is therefore known in the historical records as Robert Drake of Hampton. There he lived in great respect and became a Selectman. He had a large estate. He died in 1668 at the ripe age of 88 years. A descendent of his, Samuel Gardiner Drake, born in 1798, became a rather famous biographer and genealogist, particularly of Robert Drake's side of the family. Our story is not concerned with the Robert Drake side of the family. I should also say that Robert Drake, too, was of the Drake family of Ashe, Devonshire, and so was related to John Drake. From these two early immigrants are descended most of the Drake families in America.

So now we will follow the fortunes of John Drake, who became known as John Drake of Windsor. Continuous immigration from England into Boston soon brought about a population congestion in that rural country, where agriculture then was the principal occupation. Pasturage and crop

land became insufficient for the needs of the population. Word then came to the Governor that there was an abundance of suitable land to the south-westward along the Connecticut River. Accordingly in 1636 sixty persons formed a caravan of wagons and set out from Boston overland, without the benefit of roads. With them they took their children, possessions and livestock. John Drake and his family were among them.

The journey was over the unbroken, rough country. Winter overtook them and much of their livestock perished. Finally they arrived at the Connecticut River at about the place where Hartford is now. In the spring they moved northward and settled on the west side of the river and named the place, Windsor, probably after Windsor, the place of the palaces of the Kings in England.

John Drake was granted fourteen acres in Windsor on Jan. 26, 1640. He served as jurymen in the settlement at Hartford in the years 1643-1651. He died on Aug. 17, 1659, at the age of sixty-nine. His death was caused by an unusual accident. He was driving a heavy wheeled cart loaded with corn and drawn by a yoke of oxen and a horse. In the words of the old record, "Something scared the cattle and set them to running, and he, laboring to stop them by taking hold of the mare, was thrown down on his face and a cart wheel ran over him." So a runaway yoke of oxen, or cattle, caused the death of the founder of the Drake family in America. His widow, Elizabeth Rogers Drake, survived him and lived to be one hundred years of age, dying Oct. 7, 1681, at Windsor. How is that for an ancestral beginning in this new land?

John Drake of Windsor and his wife, Elizabeth, were survived by four sons, John, Job, Jacob and Samuel, and by two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. The Drake family there rapidly multiplied with large families. That section of Connecticut has since been the home of many of their descendents. The old cemeteries there have many Drake markers, some inscribed with epitaphs of Christian hope, testifying to the faith of our fathers. Longevity and large families have generally characterized the Drake families in

the centuries since up to recent times, and I hope that faith in God also followed them across the nation.

The family line that this story is following, develops through Samuel Drake, the son of John Drake of Windsor. He was born in England, probably about 1612. When about thirty-five years of age he separated himself from the family at Windsor and sailed down the Connecticut River to Long Island Sound, and thence west along the Connecticut coast to Fairfield. Here he rose in the esteem of his neighbors and they elected him to the Connecticut General Court in 1662. However, the following year the British took over New Amsterdam and the New York area from the Dutch. Evidently taking this as an opportunity to be among the very first of English settlers in this new English territory, in 1663, Samuel moved his family into Westchester County, N.Y. Westchester County was then, and still is at the very southern point of New York State. Samuel Drake was one of the ten original proprietors of the village of Eastchester, right on the shore of Long Island Sound, and then but sixteen miles east of New Amsterdam, later changed to New York City. The present Bronx now covers that area. So Samuel Drake is remembered in the historical record as Samuel Drake of Fairfield and Westchester. He was among the very first of English settlers in the State of New York.

Samuel Drake died at the village of Eastchester in 1686. In his will he wrote that he was "weak and aged". He left his worldly goods to his wife, Ann, and to his children, John, Joseph, Rebecca, Samuel Jr., Hannah and Mary. The family line, of interest here, continues through the son, Joseph.

Joseph, of Eastchester, Westchester County, N.Y., lived in the Village of Eastchester throughout his life of sixty-nine years. He was an officer in the local company of the N.Y. militia in 1700. In his will of 1732 he listed his five sons and four daughters. His son, Samuel of Fox Meadow of Scarsdale, Westchester County, closes the gap in our genealogical record and brings us to his son, the Reverend Reuben Drake, of Marlboro, as in the previous account in this story.

Samuel Drake of Fox Meadow, Scarsdale, as before stated, had a remarkable family of ten children. The oldest, Gilbert, was a Colonel in the New York militia and in 1776 was a member of the New York Assembly which met at White Plains. On July 9, 1776 with Col. Gilbert Drake present the Assembly voted to approve the Declaration of Independence and to authorize its declaration throughout the State of New York. At the same session it was voted to change the name of New York Province to New York State. Another son, Samuel Jr., a Doctor of Medicine, was a leader of the Westchester Minute Men and then a Colonel in 1776. Under his direction his soldiers built a redoubt for the protection of Hell's Gate at the river entrance to New York City. Another son, Uriah, served in that war. These, with many other related New York State Drakes, had important military and civic responsibilities in that critical period of our history. A Col. Joseph Drake, at the order of the Provincial Congress was ordered in March of 1776 to draft out of his regiment two companies of sixty-five men each, for the support and assistance of working parties of the City of New York for enlarging and completing the fortifications. The Continental Congress had its meeting in 1776 in Westchester. A Capt. Joseph Drake and Benjamin and Moses Drake were included in its membership. So these early cousins, as some of us might call them, were right in there doing their part in the establishment and protection of the new American government.

Right after the British withdrew their fleet from Boston Harbor in 1776, General Howe led an expedition to take New York Harbor and City. He was gradually joined by the entire British fleet, and with soldiers from the southern colonies and a large addition of troops from England, which included 14,000 mercenaries. He had then a fighting force of 24,000 men. Unable to penetrate very far up the Hudson River because of the shore defenses, he then tried a land operation in Westchester County. His purpose, I understand, was to cut off New England from the other colonies. He was stopped by the decisive battle at White Plains. The list of soldiers in those Westchester regiments has many Drake names, both as officers and privates. They share the

credit of holding back Howe's invasion. Their loyalty to the Colonies and to the new Government is a glowing tribute to the Drake families of New York. They were not found among the Tories but among the defenders at the very time of the birth of the nation.

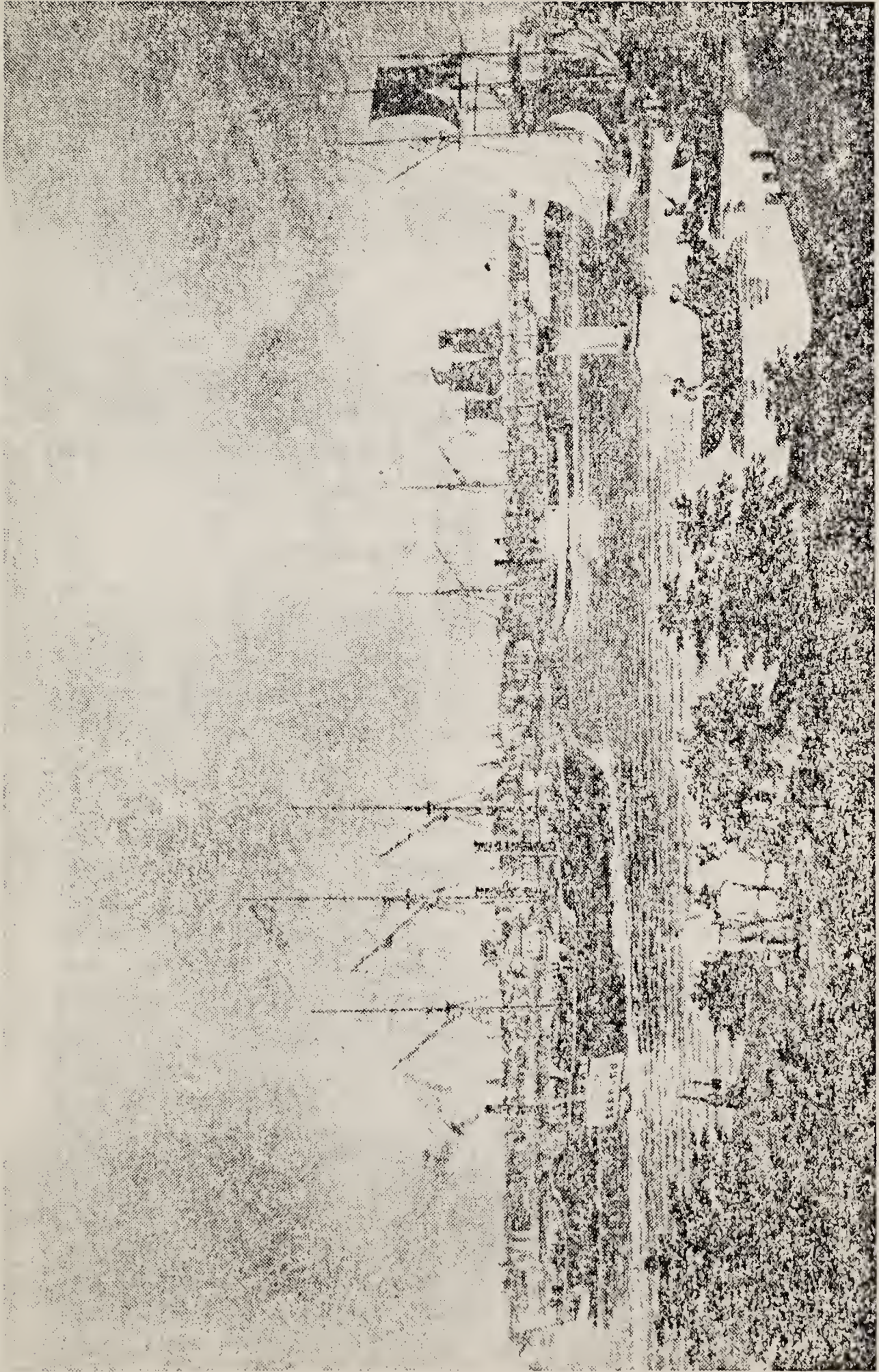
So now we have closed the lineage gap from our own back door here in Michigan to John Drake of Windsor at Boston in 1630.

Chapter 6

To Michigania

Now back to the John Drake family in Lyons, N.Y., and to follow them into Michigan. The Erie Canal, completed in 1825, opened a route from New York City, up the Hudson, west through the Mohawk Valley and west to Buffalo. The first trickle of travel on the canal soon became a mighty stream of emigrants on the way to Ohio and Michigan. There were as yet no railroads nor hard highways. At the same time European immigration was pouring into New York and Boston adding its pressure to the population. By 1838, the year of the Drakes leaving for Michigan, the Fulton steam engine was turning paddle wheels on the canal boats, displacing the mules of the towpaths. By then also the packet canal boats had become larger in size, with decks swarming with travelers, whose faces were hopefully set toward the west. In the peak time as many as 4,000 migrants a month were moving on this new water route through New York. On some days a thousand persons passed through Buffalo to take the lake boats. The canal's entire cost of eight million dollars was paid for in tolls during the first ten years of its operation. It made New York City the greatest ocean port on the continent. Without question that Erie Canal was the biggest factor in the settlement of Michigan.

Another cause of this westward flow of people, was the financial panic of 1837. It brought hard times for several years over the nation. Following the administration of Andrew Jackson and the closing of the banks, money became scarce, especially good money. Jobs were hard to get and hold. It was just as bad in Michigan. The wild-cat banks of Michigan, even in the woods, with the bankers hustling bags of gold from one bank to another, keeping ahead of the inspectors to preserve the fiction of their solvency, is quite a story. Speculation was rife in Michigan.



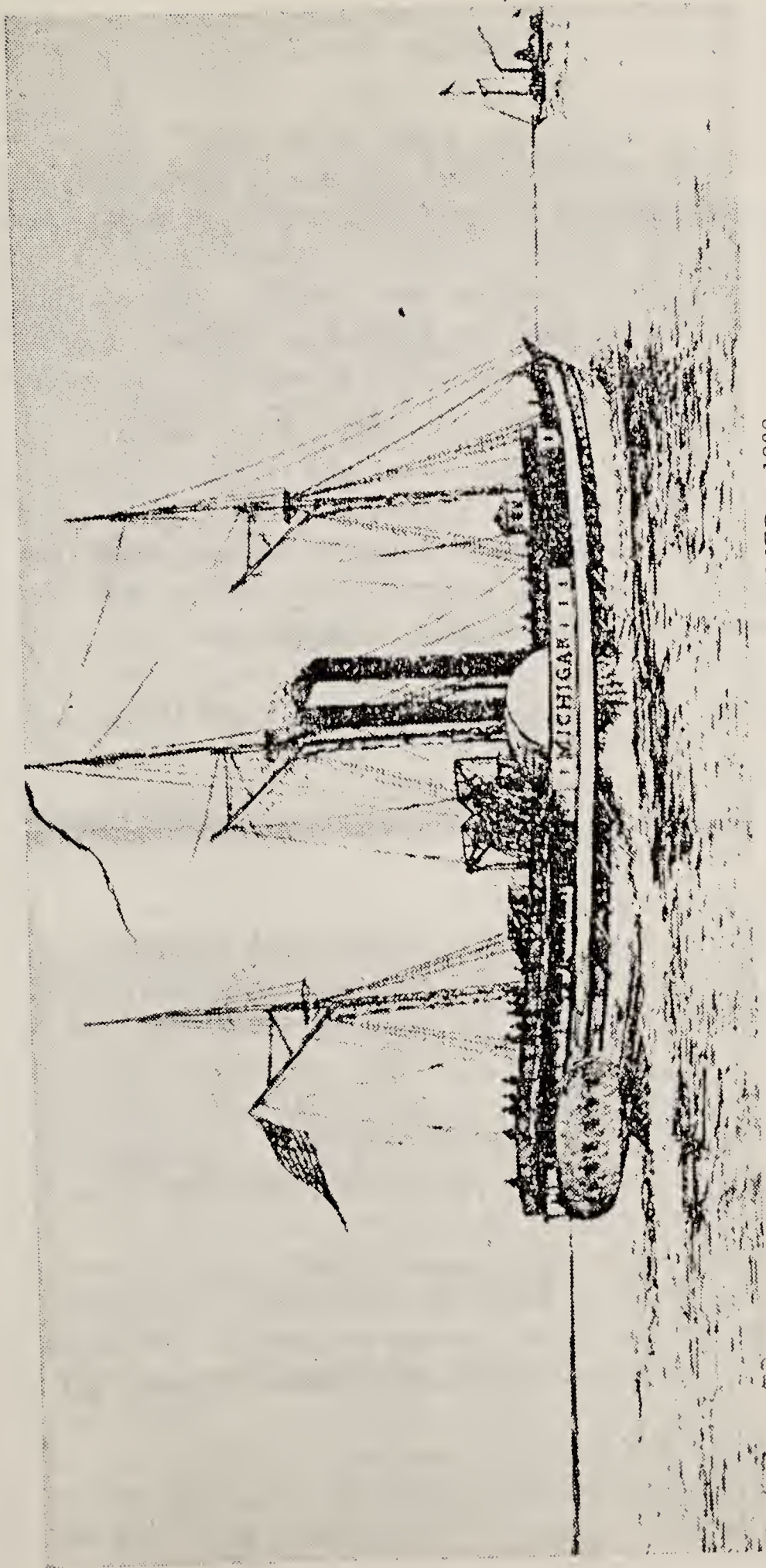
DETROIT HARBOR — 1838
Courtesy Detroit Historical Museum

in hopes of getting the good money from the new settlers. Stories drawn from the imagination and enlarged, were published widely in the New England newspapers, telling of Michigan's wonderful opportunities. These stories were not lost on the people in the cities of the East nor on the hill farmers of New England. John Farmer of Detroit in 1826 made a map of Michigan. It gave locations of towns, and of some that never were, except in his imagination. He told of the marvels of Michigan. Pictures printed of some towns were pictures of false fronts. Thousands of these maps were printed and sent in bales for distribution in the East. Most every immigrant into Michigan had one in his pocket.

When people on the canal boats were questioned as to why they were going to Michigan they said that they weren't doing so well on the old hilly farm with its rocky soil, and that they had heard that good level land could be had in Michigan almost for the asking. Many had visions of early prosperity if they could only get to Michigan.

In 1838 George Drake was in his twenty-fourth year. Family tradition has it that he was a cook on the canal. A cook's wage then on the canal was one dollar per day. He had determined to join the stream of hopeful travelers on the way to Michigan. He was strong in body, restless, single and maybe jobless, for a national financial panic was on. His hopes were high with the promise of great, new opportunity. His sister, Emeline, with her husband, Marvin Geer, and children, were already in Michigan. One or two of his Uncle Reuben's sons were also there. Some mail must have come back, via horse-back carrier to Detroit and by lake and canal. He at least knew that he could buy land of the Geers and probably knew the price of it. He must have had some money saved; yet surely not much more than enough to pay for the journey and for the land. Many things that he would need he could make after he arrived there. All of his life he had lived in the midst of pioneer conditions at Lyons.

George did not go alone. His older sister, Fannie, with her husband, Penuel Lambright and their three children, ages eight, six and four, would go along. I am not quite clear about Penuel Lambright. We loose track of him during



THE MICHIGAN — GREAT LAKES STEAMER — 1838
Courtesy of The Henry Ford Museum, Dearborn, Michigan

the journey. It does not seem probable to me that Fannie would take this journey into the Michigan wilderness, with her children, without her husband. Yet it is almost certain that he did not arrive with them into Ingham county. George's younger sister, Sarah, then twenty, went also. How these got money for this journey is anybody's guess. I think that Uncle Reuben must have helped them. Such were the shoe-strings of hope of these healthy young people. Their father and mother had long been dead. They were on their own, moving bravely into the future.

However, there were other relatives that evidently traveled with them, who left Lyons for Michigan in 1838. One was a cousin, a lad of seventeen years, Elijah Hamlin Drake, the ninth child of Reuben Drake of Lyons. (Representative Men of Michigan, p. 45-6). Elijah was going to Marshall, to live with a brother. The brother was probably Lockwood Drake, who in 1840 bought a lot in Marshall. Lockwood would be a natural name for one of Reuben Drake's older sons, for the wife of Reuben Drake, of Lyons, was Phoebe Lockwood. Elijah planned to be a stone mason, but his careful Methodist training inclined him to some sort of Christian service. So he later returned to New York and studied for the medical profession. He became a well-known physician in Detroit. He died Nov. 16, 1874, at Ypsilanti, where he had gone to see a patient. It was on his fifty-third birthday. He was struck by a switch engine at the depot.

Other Drake travelers in 1838, and likely leaving Lyons at the same time, were Amos Drake and his family. It appears that Amos Drake was also a cousin of George Drake, and the son of William Drake Jr. of Lyons. Amos bought 130 acres of land in Amboy Township, Hillsdale County, in 1838. Amos is said to have arrived in Michigan with only \$5.00 in his pockets. His early log cabin in Amboy is described as having no chimney; only a hole was left in the roof for the escape of smoke. The floor was puncheon. His son, William Drake, was with the family. He was but ten years old in 1838. He became a member of the Michigan House of Representatives in 1873-4 and the vice-president of the Hillsdale Historical Society. (Compendium of His-

tory and Biography by Reynolds, p. 436). Another thing is sure, the Drakes rapidly multiplied in Hillsdale, Calhoun and Ingham Counties.

These young people in their homespun garments, with their hopes and dreams, were not of the nondescript type. They had energy and determination and they expected to work with their hands and build homes for themselves, and make farms where the forests stood. They expected to establish themselves with their families and be independent and prosperous.

So we find them in 1838 boarding a canal packet boat at Lyons, joining the migration stream toward Michigan. Though some of the families on the boats had wagons lashed to the decks, with household goods loaded on them, it seems more reasonable to me as we look at George Drake and his party, that they traveled light. Fannie and her children needed the faster transportation.

What kind of boat did they take? The steam-powered canal boats of the time carried about thirty persons. The deck had folding chairs so that all could see the shore move by at about the rate of three to four miles per hour. They passed through towns being rapidly built on the canal, and met freight barges going east loaded with wheat and other farm products for New York City. The mosquitoes furnished the most discomfort of all. Some boats furnished meals, some stopped at points where meals were served. But many of the migrants carried their own food and prepared it on the way. At night the deck was cleared and mattresses were unrolled onto the deck. Men slept at one end of the boat and the women on the other, with a curtain drawn between. Advertising in the guide books read as follows: "The above packet boats on the Erie Canal are furnished in the very best style, being quiet and commodious, giving meals on board as good as can be furnished in the very best hotels."

Passengers passed the dragging time by singing together. One song with several verses that was sung again and again on these boats was "Michigania."

*Then there was the state of New York
Where some are very rich;
Themselves and a few others
Have dug a mighty ditch,
For us to find the way
And sail upon the waters
To Michigania,
Yea, yea, yea to Michigania.*

*Come all ye Yankee farmers
Who wish to change your lot;
Who've spunk enough to travel
Beyond your native spot,
And leave behind the village
Where pa and ma do stay —
Come follow me and settle
In Michigania,
Yea, yea, yea in Michigania.*

The distance from Lyons to Buffalo was about 130 miles. It took a day and a night. The fare for adults was about \$4.50.

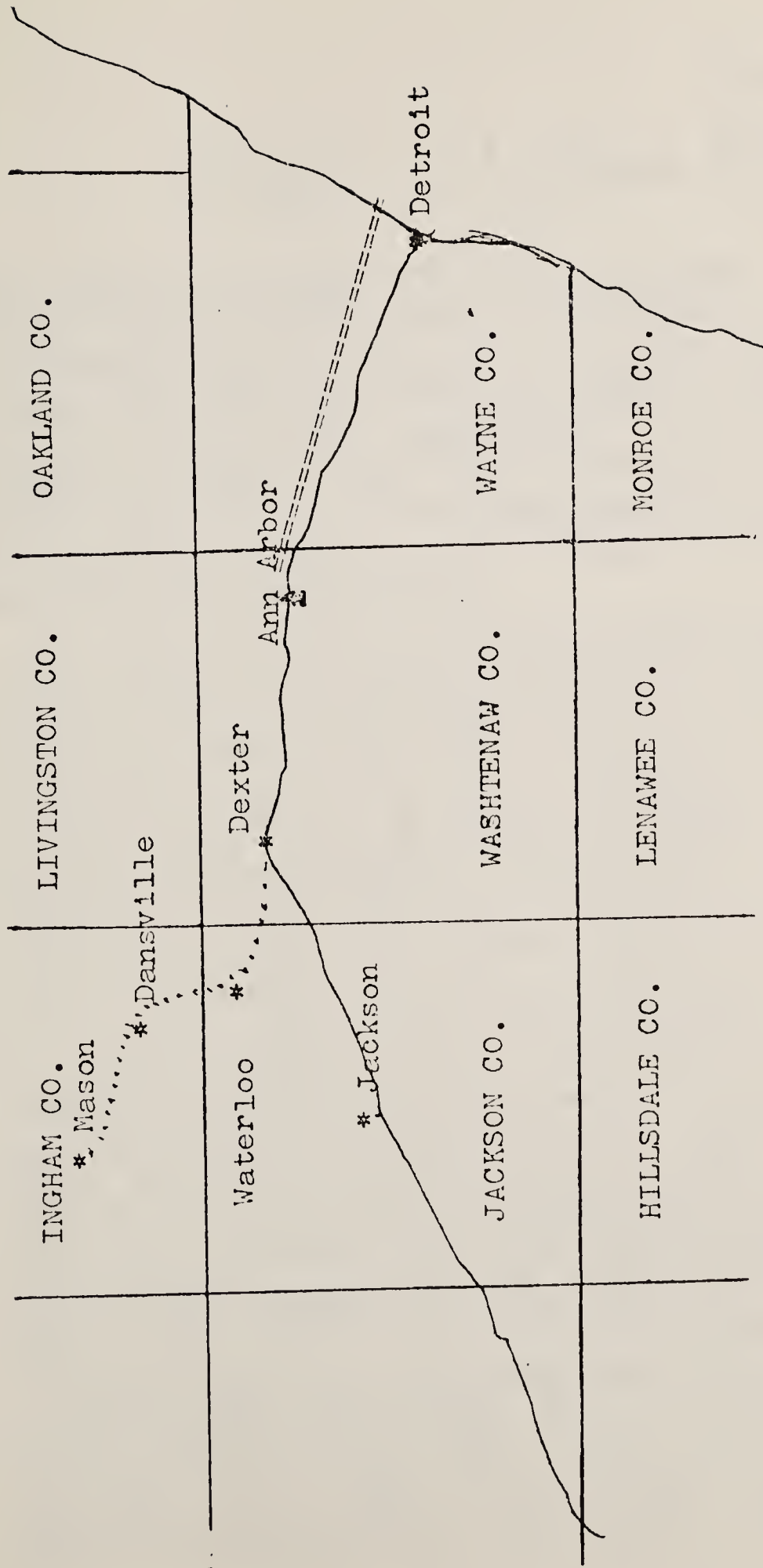
The side-wheeler steam-boats on Lake Erie usually left Buffalo at midnight and arrived at Detroit at midnight on the second night. The wood-burning engines consumed two cords of long wood per hour. They carried masts for sail also, so they were sort of a cross with the sail-boats that had preceded them on the lakes. The sail could conserve fuel and make it possible to maneuver in case of engine failure. The cabins were all below in the boats of that time. The fare to Detroit for adults was \$18.00 for cabins and \$7.00 in the steerage. We will have to do our own guessing as to which accommodation was chosen by George and his sisters. Passengers carried their own food and there were places on the boat where they could prepare it.

At that time there were eight steamboats making the Buffalo—Detroit run and fourteen that made the long run around to Chicago. We have no idea which boat carried our relatives on that trip, but "The Michigan" was in service on that run. (See the photograph of The Michigan and also

of the Harbor of Detroit, with The Michigan in the Harbor in 1838.) The larger lake ships of that time carried 700 passengers if fully loaded.

I must say here that something fatal must have happened to Penuel Lambright on the way. Also Fannie had another child a few months after their arrival in Michigan. There is a story told to me by one of the Townsend daughters, nearly forty years ago in Lansing, that one of Fannie's sons-in-law was killed in a quarrel. I wonder now if she did not mean Fannie's husband, Penuel Lambright.

Road west into Michigan from Detroit in 1838



Sauk Indian Trail - Stage Road in 1838

.....Baxter Trail - ox trail in 1838

=====Primitive railroad in 1838

Chapter 7

Trails to Ingham County

The route into Michigan toward Ingham county began at Detroit. Detroit as late as 1834 was a small town of about five thousand people. There were no sewers, only open ditches. They drew water from private shallow wells. There were no fire or police departments. The streets were lighted by candles. In heavy rains the streets were deep in mud. It was necessary to use the high, two-wheeled French carts, pulled by ponies, to travel through the mud. The side-walks were planks laid down.

The route westward was over the old Sauk Indian trail which snaked its way west and south across the state toward the lower end of Lake Michigan. Old U.S. Route 12 approximately followed that trail. The main points on the east end were Ann Arbor, Dexter and Jackson (burg). It crossed through Wayne, Washtenaw and Jackson Counties. By 1838 Congress had spent at least \$23,000 for road construction on it. After ten years of work, this road was reasonably passable in dry weather, part of the way at least, by wagons drawn by four to six horses or oxen. In wet times the wagons mired. On going down steep hills it was often necessary to drag a log behind. In 1835 the Territorial Governor, Lewis Cass, made the trip with his party to southwest Michigan to make a treaty with the Indians. He had to cut his way through in places and often the road could not be followed. In that same year it is stated that it was much harder and it took longer to go from Detroit to Niles, Michigan, than from Detroit to New York City, via the Lakes, the Erie Canal and the Hudson River.

In 1838 a stage was moving along this old Sauk Trail. If we look at today's T.V. western shows, we can see almost a replica of such a stage. They varied in size, the larger ones might carry a dozen or more persons. They were drawn by four-horse teams. These coaches were made in

New England. The driver had his seat high up in front like a captain and he wore a uniform. The coaches had fancy names like Rosa Lee and Sultana. A favorite picture painted on the door was of a big Newfoundland dog, predating the modern Greyhound buses. The stage moved along usually at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day. The driver on approaching an inn would blow a big horn, and there would be a crowd there to meet them. On this trail moved also the conestoga wagons each loaded with a family or two with all their belongings, and often with live stock led behind. Such wagons were drawn by four to six horses or oxen. Travelers helped each other when wagons were mired or broken down. Settlers left their latch strings out for needy travelers. Hospitality so necessary for survival, was the law of the road and it was seldom abused.

In 1836 a railroad was begun from Detroit to Ann Arbor. Its rails were wooden timbers with strap iron laid on top. The strap iron often rolled up and stuck into the wood floors of the cars. The wood-burning engines were crude and stalled often. They usually pulled one or two passenger cars, having hard benches on the sides. Sometimes the wheels slipped in the depressions in the track and the passengers had to get off and push. And like the early automobiles, horses had to be hitched on to get the train to its destination. Governor Mason rode on this train in 1838. The boiler sprang a leak and he got off and pushed with the others.

A Mr. Swan traveled from New York to Ingham county, Michigan, in February of 1838 a few months ahead of George Drake and his party. He left a record of his journey. He was unable to take that Ann Arbor train and rode by stage into Michigan. He turned off the stage road at Dexter and then took an ox trail through the woods for thirty miles to Ingham county. The whole journey took him a week.

So we assume that the George Drake party left the stage at Dexter; while Elijah and Amos Drake and his family and whoever else were with them, continued by stage at least to Jackson on their way to Marshall and Hillsdale. How George and his sisters traveled from Dexter

we do not surely know; but they could have hired a man with a team and wagon to take them to Waterloo, where they would stop with the Powells. This trail later became known as the Dexter Trail. It is probable that they had known the Powells in New York, but if not, surely Emeline had written about them, for they would have stopped at Waterloo on their way to Ingham county.

So we find George Drake, Sarah and Fannie and her three children at the cabin door of the Powells, a dwelling in a group of log cabins called Waterloo.

As before stated Jeremiah and Sarah Powell had come to Michigan in 1831. During seven years they were pretty well established. They had brought with them their family, a son and three daughters. The older daughter, Mary, seems to have been a widow, even at the time of their coming. Jeremiah and his wife were even then in middle life; she was fifty years old. The son, Nelson, called Nell, was one year older than George Drake. The second daughter, Jane, was engaged to be married to a young man, John Dancer of Umadilla, a village just north of Waterloo. They were married that same year in August. As George Drake and his sisters rested a few days there, the big event, as far as this story is concerned, was when George found himself experiencing strange emotions in the presence of the sixteen-year-old daughter, Sarah. She was red-headed and looked much like her French mother, after whom she was named. The days passed too soon, but already the question the owl asked that evening up in the tree, "Who?", seems to have been answered. George would return two years later, after he had built and established a home in Ingham county, to make her his bride. One can be certain that during those two years he became very well acquainted with every crook and turn on that twenty-mile trail between the Dansville to be and Waterloo.

After one or two more days of travel, probably by a team borrowed from the Powells, our party came to Section 23 of Ingham Township, Ingham County, to the cabin of Emeline and Marvin Geer. They had come eighty miles from Detroit, and five hundred and eighty miles from Lyons, N.Y. After two years of separation, brother and

sisters and little cousins met at the new, unbroken frontier of civilization. For the Geers to see new settlers coming in was an event, but to see their own folks from so distant a land, was a cause for great rejoicing. Emeline, with a boy of five years and a girl of three hanging to her skirts, and perhaps with the baby, Ellen, in her arms, stood before the rude cabin door to welcome them. They compared the children, measured them back to back, and told of the strange events of their long journey.

Ingham Township and Ingham County were named that same year, 1838, after Samuel Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. This was nine years before the Township of Lansing was chosen for the location of the capital of the state. Lansing Township, even when so chosen in 1847, was an unbroken wilderness of forests, oak, beech, ironwood, interspersed with tamarack swamps. The name, Lansing, was after Lansing, Cayuga county N.Y. Only two Indian trails penetrated into this wilderness, and in 1847 it was forty miles from a railroad.

The land across Ingham Township was predominantly oak country. There were open spaces spoken of in the state historical records as "oak openings". They were irregular areas where the Indians had burned off the brush yearly for their plantings. A few miles west the Indians had a cleared hill, where the tribes met for their religious rites and dances. These lower Michigan Indians were friendly, but by 1838 only a few scattered families were known or seen.

George Drake that October bought eighty acres from the Geers, for \$150. (E ½ of NE ¼ sec. 23, Ingham Township) It was the raw, uncleared land just as the Indians had left it. Later a road was to run along his north line to become a main road, going west to Mason. George promptly deeded five acres in the northwest corner to Fannie, to make a home there for her and her children. Fannie's fourth child was born in 1839.

There were then at least five other families then in Ingham Township, the first township to have settlers in Ingham County, I believe. There were beside the Geers, the families of Marcus Beers, Shubael Waldo, Caleb Carr and a man named Davidson.

Chapter 8

Making Homes and The Beginnings of Dansville

The first job was to build a cabin for Fannie. It surely was made after the manner of the time. The smaller, straight logs of the softer woods were chosen, and squared with a broad ax to fit snugly. The ends were shaped for the corner lock. The shingles could be split from straight grained blocks. On the far end of the cabin was built the stick chimney, plastered inside and out with clay. Stones were built into a fireplace, which served for heating and cooking. The puncheon floor was split from soft wood logs and smoothed with the ax. The beds were of poles, inserted into auger holes in the wall, with skins stretched over them. The few, small windows were first of greased paper. Soon Fannie and her children, with Sarah, were warmly housed before the winter storms began. Sawed lumber was hard to get then. Some men whip-sawed logs into boards by erecting a platform from which one man pulled a saw against another man in a pit, but this was too slow a method for most people. In 1837, the first settler of the village of Mason, eight miles to the west, built a saw mill there. Its saws went up and down and they were run by wooden gears and powered by a water-wheel. He could saw only soft wood. The circular saw was not to come into Michigan until 1850.

The following year, with the cabins built and some out buildings made for stock, the clearing of some land was necessary. No one wanted hard-wood logs, not even the lovely walnut, so highly-prized now. So the great primeval trees were felled and burned in windrows. Around the stumps were sown the wheat, corn, potatoes and vegetables. An account from that area and time is recorded of a man who girdled four acres of trees and planted wheat around

them. He flailed out the grain by hand and took twenty bushels of it on an ox cart to Dexter, where he sold it for fifty cents a bushel, and bought calico at twenty-five cents a yard for his family. In those days in Ingham County money was very scarce. Barter was the practice of trade. Another story is told of that time there. A settler with several children, being unable to buy provisions, grated up the ripening corn on a stove-pipe, punctured by nails, to make corn cake for his family.

Wild turkeys and wild hogs roamed the woods. There were bears, but they were not dangerous if left alone. Also there were herds of deer. Sheep and other animals had to be protected. Wolves, howling at night, made familiar music, if not too pleasant. A shotgun hung over every cabin door.

The woods yielded wild honey, maple sugar, nuts and berries and fur and skins. The nearest good trading place was Ann Arbor, forty-five miles away. There could be purchased glass, hardware, cloth and blankets and such things as new settlers had need of. Livestock was driven on foot as far as Detroit to be sold.

As some cabins were built on the section corners just to the west of George Drake's land, it was given the name of Dansville,—I believe, the first village in Ingham county. It was probably named after Dansville, New York, which was a town a few miles southwest of Lyons. Also there was a packet boat on the Erie Canal called The Dansville. The name indicates that these settlers of that area were mostly from New York, and of the Dansville area. It is probable that George Drake and his sisters had a voice in naming the village, if any thought-out action was taken. Most likely the village just grew up like Topsy, and that its residents talked so much about, "When I was in Dansville, New York", which could get to be more familiar than any other name. Dansville was not platted into lots until 1857.

About the first business building there was a log wagon shop. It also served as the Hall of Justice. The jury sat upon the work bench. The first public building was a town hall. Beside being used for the town meeting, it was used for dancing, spelling bees, and for a place of worship. It soon burned down.

At first mothers taught their children in their homes. The first school house was built in 1846, after George Drake had been there eight years. He then had one child of school age. The community had a Bee and built the school house of logs. They put it together in two days, so expert were they with the ax and saw. The puncheon floor and benches were split out of bass-wood logs. The benches for the children were built around the outside of the room. The boys made good use of their jack-knives in whittling down the slivers. The black boards were not black, but just smoothed off wall spaces and charcoal was the crayon. School only held two or three months in the year, and then in the spring. There were only eight children of school age that first year. It is here that my father, Nelson Drake, attended, and very likely the only school in which he was ever enrolled.

In 1847 the first store was started in Dansville. This means that George Drake had no place to trade closer than Dexter during his first ten years there.

There were no physicians within many difficult miles. Chills and fever from Malaria were very common. Most everybody had them. Home and natural remedies were depended upon. There were occasionally serious accidents. Diseases swept across the frontier. Tuberculosis developed in the close cabins. Childbirth was a great hazard. Many women truly went down into the valley of the shadow to bring children into the world. In spite of this, large families were the rule. Many lovely young women, however, went to early graves, which were often unmarked and forgotten as families moved on.

Drunkenness was one of the curses of the frontier. I am ashamed to record that an Anad Drake, not of our family I hope, ran a tavern in Dansville. Liquor was generally used and there was not much public conscience against it.

By the summer of 1840 George Drake had a home ready for his long-planned marriage. Seeing the day coming, his sister, Sarah, who had been helping him and keeping the house, prepared the way by announcing her own marriage to Andrew Townsend. He, too, had come from New York, his father having taken up land in Ingham Township. They

had been neighbors. Sarah and Andrew were married on July 8, probably in George's house, and by a Justice of the Peace, as it was not likely that a minister had yet arrived there.

A month later George set out on the trail to Waterloo to claim his part-French, red-haired bride, Sarah Powell. Sarah was a favorite name among the pioneers. Sarah, the wife of Abraham in the Bible record, had gone with her husband into a distant and strange land, not knowing whither they went. In the tents of the wilderness she became the mother of a famous family. Maybe such a hope lingered in the hearts of those early-day pioneer mothers, when they named a daughter. This name, Sarah, had also been in the Drake family for many generations. The wedding day was August 16, 1840. The record of it is in the clerk's office at Jackson. A Justice of the Peace was called. Sarah's sister, Jane Dancer from Umadilla, was the bride's maid, and John Dancer, her husband, with his neighbor, from Umadilla, Henry Smith, were the witnesses. These facts show that George went alone to Waterloo. Jeans and calico made up the wedding garments. The great day had come at last. They now had each other. She was eighteen and George not quite twenty-six. The hardships, unseen ahead, were welcomed and not feared. Then began the twenty-mile, jouncing journey in the ox cart or on horseback to the new log home in Section 23 of Ingham Township. My imagination will not vary much from the truth, when I say that George's relatives and neighbors prepared a party for them, with plenty of noise-making, and a feast of venison. So began the family of George Drake in Michigan.

Chapter 9

Raising a Family in a New Land

The rugged years moved along in those beginning days when land and forest were being subdued to provide a livelihood in this new country. Then George and Sarah Drake brought into the world their nine children. Their babies came along on the average of two years apart for the first six, then about three years apart for the next three. Cornelia (Neal) was born in 1841; Sarah Jane in 1843 (she died before her seventh year). Nelson, (my father) in 1845; Mary Etta in 1847; Cordelia (Delia) 1849; Martha, 1851; Katie, 1854; Jennie, 1859; and John in 1864, during the Civil War. There were, you note, seven daughters and two sons. For about twenty-five years Sarah Drake was nursing and caring for little children. Even when one just writes the story and just thinks about it, one can hardly think of a less auspicious time and place in which to be born.

Some time, propably before the 1850's, George Drake replaced his log house with one made of lumber to make room for his increasing family. A big two-story, square-type frame house stands there today. I understand that some of their children were born in it. This building expense, so early, must have been quite a financial burden for them.

Hard times and near poverty marked those years. They were truly times of financial struggle. Added to the support of this family, there was also the responsibility for Fannie's children, two girls and two boys. But this was not all. Like the fable of the old man crossing the river with another on his back, the burden got heavier and heavier. There was George's sister, Sarah. In ten years she had borne to Andrew Townsend seven daughters, one of them an invalid. Rumors of the California gold-rush had filtered into Dansville. All at once Andrew Townsend had left his family and was on his way to the west. It was a desperate way to meet hard

times, but he certainly was not going to wait them out. I am told that for a while Sarah and her children went to live with George Drake. After a few years Andrew Townsend returned and brought back with him about \$30,000. With it he bought land in Diamondale, where he built at least two brick stores. A street in Lansing is named after him.

Along with these responsibilities came another. George's mother-in-law, Sarah Powell of Waterloo, then seventy years old, came to live with them. It must have been shortly after the new house was built. Her husband, Jeremiah, had died, and her son, Nell, lived with her in Waterloo. She complained that he was quarrelsome and that he abused her. Nell Powell later married and had a family. Mother-in-law Sarah Powell lived in Dansville with George and Sarah Drake for several years until about 1860 when she died there. Nelson Drake, then fifteen, rode a horse to Umadilla to notify Jane Dancer about her mother's death. George's and Sarah Drake's big house was a place of refuge for many.

In those days there was no Social Security or Aid to Dependent Children, or Welfare or Pensions. It was swim or sink. I have tried counting up George's family of dependents. Sometimes there were at least twenty at his table. In trying to take advantage of the speculative temper of the new frontier, he bought and sold land, looking for the rapid increase in value that never seemed to be realized. Debt always kept a hand in his pocket. At one time he transferred the original eighty acres to his wife, and back again later. It was the usual practice to keep property from creditors. In desperation he tried house-to-house merchandising. But eventually his was a losing struggle. During thirty years at Dansville he had owned about four-hundred acres of land, not at any one time. After the Civil War in 1870, he lost all of his land at a sheriff's sale to satisfy his debts. He was then fifty-five years old.

While George Drake failed financially, while making a home for his large family in that new country when times were hard, he was not a failure in the best sense. The odds against him were truly great. His educational advantages

must have been very limited. But in spite of all this, family responsibility was to him a virtue, as it had been to most of his ancestors. He did not have any whiskey bills. He had no use for intoxicants. He did not even use tobacco. He was a good, hard-working man. I do not know, if or not, he had a Christian faith to sustain and guide him; but I do know now that when he was an orphaned boy in Lyons, N.Y., he must have been strongly influenced for good by his Christian uncles, James and Reuben Drake. More about George Drake later.

Hannah Drake, the youngest child of John Drake of Lyons, N.Y., and who was an infant at the time of her mother's death in June of 1822, was sixteen years old when her brother, George Drake, and his sisters left Lyons to go to Michigan in 1838. She remained in New York and five years later married a man, born in Ireland, by the name of John Killeen. They made their home near Waterloo, Seneca County, N.Y. To them were born six children, three of them sons, named William, John and George Drake. Note that she named one of them after her brother, George, whom evidently she admired. When George Drake Killeen was fourteen years old, he went with his brothers to Jackson, Michigan, about 1865. At an early age he was converted to the Christian faith and eventually became the General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for the City of Jackson. In 1886 he became a Methodist minister and joined the Michigan Conference of the Methodist Church. For twenty-six years the Reverend George Drake Killeen was the pastor of Methodist churches in western Michigan, including the churches in Ithaca and St. Louis. The building of the Methodist churches at Beebe and North Star in Gratiot County is credited to his leadership. He retired in 1912. He made a phenomenal run on the Democrat ticket and just missed being elected to Congress. He died in 1926 at Flint. A daughter, Mrs. James Peet, lives in Ithaca, Mich. Her husband was Post Master there for several years. Rev. Killeen's brother, William, was a resident of Jackson for several years. He had two sons, Fred and Earl, both musicians. I am indebted to Rev. Killeen's granddaughter, Mrs. Georgiana Peet Miller, Ithaca, Mich., for information about Hannah Drake.

Chapter 10

The Civil War

In the early 1860's as the war started, Nelson, the only son yet born in the Drake family, being yet in his teens, was caught up in the excitement and fever of the Civil War. The threatened disruption of the Union and the racial injustice in the South, stirred up the spirit of patriotism which his ancestors had bred into his blood. He was just biding his time. He would be nineteen years old on January 7, 1864. The first years of the war were marked by terrible slaughter. Trench warfare in the open was just being learned. At first the soldiers stood in ordered ranks and at close range and shot each other down. As the casualties rose, enlistments lagged and the pressure of the draft increased. Men resorted to all sorts of ruses to avoid military service.

On January 1, 1864, a special enlistment day and call-up of draftees was held at Mason, the county seat of Ingham County. Nelson Drake, six days before his nineteenth birthday, went by foot with others on that eight miles to Mason in a storm and with the temperature below zero. That day was remembered long afterwards as "that cold New Year's day". I recall father telling of the tricks some of these men used that day to get excused, mostly feigning some disability. Nelson enlisted as a volunteer. He gave his age as twenty-one. This appears to have been a well thought out deception and in direct contrast to the cowardly deceptions of those who would escape the army. It occurs to me that possibly his parents withheld their consent, and so he claimed to be of age that he might join as a volunteer. His enlistment record states: Nelson Drake, age twenty-one, occupation, farmer.

As I understand it there was but one Michigan infantry regiment of volunteers, the 27th. There were many other volunteers of course, but this was a regiment of volunteers. Nelson was assigned to Company F of the Twenty-seventh

Michigan Infantry of Volunteers. This regiment had been formed early in the war and had suffered heavy casualties on the west front, yet up to 1864 it had not been at full strength. It was destined soon to be sent east to join the Army of the Potomac under General Grant in the final attempt to crush the Confederacy in a march upon Richmond.

He was mustered into the army, immediately on January 12, and with 361 other Michigan volunteers joined his regiment on March 8 at Mossy Creek, near Knoxville, Tenn. Within ten days this regiment was on the march, marching for fourteen days at about seventeen miles a day to Nicholasville to take a train directly to the east, to Annapolis, Maryland. They arrived there on April 5 and in a few days entrained via Washington D.C. to Warrenton, Virginia. There on April 29th the 27th Regiment of Michigan Volunteers became a part of the Army of the Potomac. One notes the lack of opportunity for special military training. Time was wasting and haste was necessary. Their "boot" training was walking in the boots right along with the regiment moving into action. Training would be by observing the veteran soldiers in actual battle.

As I followed through the record of this 27th Michigan Infantry of Volunteers, which records are quite complete, memories of the battles that father had mentioned fell orderly into place. I have been a teacher of history, but this strategic campaign to final victory had never come alive to me before.

Nelson Drake met his baptism of fire barely a week after his arrival in Virginia. It was the terrible Battle of the Wilderness. The Wilderness was a large area about fifty miles north of Richmond. It was hilly, rough and had marshes and was covered with second growth pine, oak, underbrush, briars and vines. A horseman could only with great difficulty enter into it. One could barely see fifty feet ahead. Artillery could not be used. Skulls and skeletons of previous battles there were found in places on the ground under the brush. General Lee had hoped to entangle Grant in this area, as Stonewell Jackson had entangled and defeated General Hooker the previous year. It was General Grant's first major battle leading the army of the Potomac

in Virginia. Interpreting the enemy signals he moved directly into combat. The Confederate army threw into the battle more than 100,000 men. Grant announced that there would be no exchange of prisoners. A private, Warren Goss, who was in the battle, reported, "The roll and crack of musketry was terrible. It was a blind and bloody hunt to the death in bewildering thickets. Brush and briars scratched our faces, tore our clothing, and tripped our feet". The Confederates retreated, but the next day they were reinforced by an army, led by General Longstreet. Lee shouted to Longstreet, "Give them the cold steel. They will stand and fire and never move, unless you charge them". The losses were very heavy on both sides. General Grant lost 18,000 men in the two days, May fifth and sixth. The 27th Michigan Infantry of Volunteers lost eighty-nine in killed and wounded.

General Grant moved his armies east and south around the right flank of the rebels, and on May 12 attacked at the Spotsylvania Court House. Lee had quickly shifted his forces to strengthen the place. Here were natural defenses. A horse-shoe hill was taken and retaken. Men rolled on the ground in hand-to-hand mortal conflict. Losses again were heavy on both sides. The Wilderness and Spotsylvania Court House battles had cost Grant 33,000 men. At Spotsylvania the loss to the 27th Michigan Infantry was 27 killed and 148 wounded. It was here that Grant answered his critics, who blamed him for the awful casualty list. He sent a dispatch to President Lincoln, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer". Lee sent a dispatch to President Jefferson Davis, which had a note of hopelessness in it, "We cannot attack without great losses, which we cannot afford". From this record we catch the sense of the grimness of the struggle, the stubbornness of General Grant, and the desperation of the South. Grant's constant and terrible pounding, without letup, came to be known as his "hammering tactics", as he swiftly moved down the right flank of the enemy toward Richmond.

About twelve miles north of Richmond, Grant attacked at Cold Harbor, a well-fortified place, but where the Confederates had no reinforcements to bring up. The Twenty-

Seventh Michigan was thrown directly into the battle. The military record gives quite an account of the regiment. "At first a fog covered the enemy. When it lifted the 27th Michigan was faced with the entrenched Confederates. A galling fire was kept up on their front and on both of their flanks from behind earth entrenchments, with fearful effect. The ammunition of the 27th was used up. They were ordered not to fall back one inch." Their brigade commander said of them, "Not a single man belonging to the regiment attempted to pass to the rear, except the wounded". A division commander said, "I always feel sure that that portion of my line occupied by the 27th Michigan is perfectly safe". A Major Moody of their regiment said, "The brave and gallant of both officers and men of my command have not only sustained but added new honor to our state and country". The record also says about the 27th Michigan, "They eminently exhibited that strong and enduring courage, unyielding firmness, which distinguished it (the 27th) when victory was hopeless". Grant's total losses to and including Cold Harbor in that campaign were now 60,000. It was at Cold Harbor that Private Nelson Drake was made Sergeant Nelson Drake on June 1, 1864. Evidently he had fought very well.

Unable to break the defenses at Cold Harbor, the Union army slipped around Richmond on the east and brought up before Petersburg on June 17. Petersburg was the supply center for Richmond. It was protected by a line of forts. Desperately the defenders held their positions. Then Grant laid a siege around the city, which he held for nine long months, keeping out all the supplies. I found a military record of a successful charge made by the 27th Michigan. Fort Mahone on the south side of the city was one of the prominent defending forts. It was protected by earthworks and rifle pits in front and on both flanks. One hundred twenty-three soldiers, led by the gallant Col. Wert, headed the attack. They were followed by the entire regiment on the double-quick, shouting, "The fort or nothing". The colors of the 27th were planted on the parapet of the fort and the whole regiment poured into the walls. They took more prisoners than their regiment numbered. This was

the first break in the siege. It was at Petersburg that Sergeant Drake was wounded. A minnie-ball clipped a shin bone. He was soon back in the service, but that leg gave him trouble for many years.

After the surrender of Petersburg and Richmond, Lee and his starving soldiers made an escape attempt to the west. The 27th Michigan took part in the pursuit. The 27th was also at Appomattox when General Lee handed over his sword, on April 9, 1865. I and Mrs. Drake visited Appomattox in 1961 just to try to appreciate the scene of the surrender. Among the young men who had stood there at attention then, was Sergeant Drake, who became my father.

After the surrender his regiment was sent to picket a railroad in Virginia. Then on April 18 they were ordered to Washington, D.C., for a Review of the Army of the Potomac. Nelson Drake marched in that review. His regiment then camped at Tannallytown, D.C., where on July 26 they were all given their discharge papers. They entrained for Detroit, where they were paid off and disbanded on July 29th, 1865. Nelson Drake had served in the army for nineteen months.

Five tattered and shot-torn regimental flags and one of Old Glory, all of which had been carried into battle by the 27th Regiment of Volunteers, are now preserved in a vertical glass display case in the rotunda of the capitol building in Lansing, along with other Michigan flags used in the Civil War.

*Those banners, soiled with dust and smoke
And rent by shot and shell,
That through the serried phalanx broke,
What terrors could they tell!*

At a great victory celebration in Detroit, July 4, 1866, the Michigan flags were formally presented by the regiments to Governor Henry Crapo. On receiving them he said, "These flags . . . will not be forgotten nor their history unwritten. Let us tenderly deposit them as sacred relics in the archives of our state, there to stand forever, as revered incentive to liberty and patriotism, and a rebuke and terror to oppression and treason". Fourteen thousand Michigan soldiers, while marching under those banners had joined the

Legion of the Dead. Michigan had 21,517 volunteers in the Civil War. This is more than from any other state. A statement of the fatal casualties of the 27th Infantry of Volunteers is posted in the rotunda of the capitol building alongside of its flags:

Total enrollment	2,029
Killed in action	128
Died of wounds	86
Died of disease	203
Total fatal casualties	417

One fifth of that regiment never returned. This regiment is third in the percentage of deaths of Michigan soldiers, being exceeded only by the 5th and 21st regiments. One cannot avoid the sober thought of the chance that from one fatal bullet, or in that day when sterilization of wounds was unknown, and infection and disease were so prevalent, that Nelson Drake also might not have survived, in which case we, who are descendents of his, would never have existed at all. It was a narrow chance. Perhaps Providence was in it. And of course if Providence was in it, there was in it a good purpose too, which we must continue to fulfill.

Chapter 11

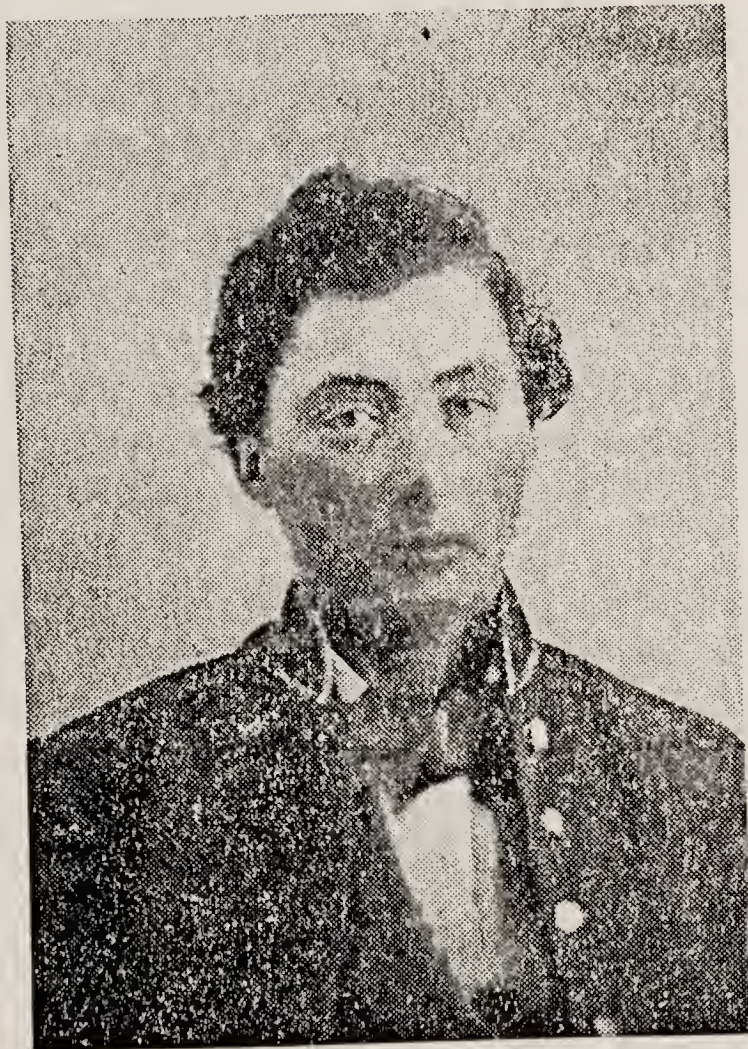
Home After the War

When Nelson Drake arrived home, he saw his baby brother, Johnny, for the first time. It took some time before the child could put aside his fear of this stranger. The older sister, Cornelia, had married while he was away; and she and her husband, whose name was Smith, came to welcome him home. That summer, Nelson was not yet twenty-one years old. Already what could have been years of horrors, had been pressed into his experience in a few months. He was young, but strangely mature in both body and mind. He had a new self-reliant spirit. He came home wearing his uniform of blue, with the brass buttons shining. The white narrow braid on the collar gave it a touch of distinction. The sergeant chevron, of course, was on the sleeve and proudly worn. This well-groomed young man was in sharp contrast to the ungainly and coarsely clad youth of but nineteen months earlier. There was another thing different, he smoked a pipe. He had learned the habit in the war. All through his life afterward he was a steady customer of the tobacco business. Oh, he stopped a few times, but eventually he sought the peace and comfort of his pipe. None of his children followed him in this habit. We had enough of it second-hand at home while we were growing up.

With his war wages Nelson Drake bought ten acres of land at Dansville in the anticipation of making for himself a home there. For an occupation he learned how to break and shape field stone. He was strong and could handle the heavy stone hammer skillfully. So he became a stone mason. There was ready employment for this work wherever building was going on. This skill stood him in good stead for several years.

During the first two years at home he did not neglect the gentler sex. He wooed and won a fair lady of nineteen years. Her name was Annette Gibson, but everyone called

her "Nettie". I have a tin-type photograph of this lovely young woman, taken at about the time of which we speak. Also I have a lock of her light-brown hair. She was tall, with a high forehead, and with a serious and plain yet pleasant face. Her hair, in the usual style of the time, was



SGT. NELSON DRAKE
Civil War Soldier

parted in the middle and drawn tightly back to a knot back of her head. Her high-collared white blouse was ruffled down the front. Over it was a dark cape, caught up at the neck with a single fastener, leaving a widening triangle of white ruffles exposed. She wore, as it appears, a well-tailored homespun skirt, supported by a belt. At the waist she wore a large corsage of flowers. They were married February 18, 1867, at Dansville. Hopes were high and skies were

blue. Love was strong and true. The future looked rosy for them indeed.

These bright days were soon obscured with dark clouds. There were no warnings. One day, after due time, Nelson was called home from his work. The birth pains had arrived and Nettie was having a difficult time. There was no doctor that they could call, at least in time. The child was born eventually, but Nettie died. The child lived but a short time. Thus a double sorrow was Nelson's experience. He laid the young mother and her child in the new bought lot on the very top of the high hill of the Dansville cemetery. No stones were set or any names carved. Not even the child's name was ever recorded. That bare lot today, after nearly a hundred years, is just set apart only by the corner stakes. So life moves on. But the lock of light-brown hair and the tin-type photograph, treasured during the long life of Nelson Drake, bears silent witness that she was not quite forgotten.

About this time Nelson's sister, Mary Etta, was married to John Brown of Dansville, a veteran also of the Civil War and born in England. To them were born two daughters, Jennie and Martha. After the early death of this husband, Mary Etta married William Rae, who had, or later had, a good farm near Mason. By this husband were born a daughter and a son, Wilhimina and Roy Rae. These children married locally and raised their families in this area. Mary Etta Drake Rae was the only one of the George Drake family to remain in Ingham County. She survived her last husband by several years and died at the age of 76. She cared for her aged mother, Sarah Powell Drake, to the end of her mother's life. More will be said of Sarah Powell Drake as this story proceeds.

The sister, Cornelia, never had any children. She lived most of her life in Hastings, Michigan. She too lived to the age of 76.

We can make an observation here about the Drake family. For three generations, beginning with John Drake of Lyons, N.Y., and following, the progeny of the family were mostly daughters, reversing the trend of the earlier generations.

The trend to daughters does not perpetuate very fast the family name. Of the family of George Drake only four of his nine children were to carry on the family beyond the second generation. They were, Nelson, Mary Etta, Martha and Katie.

Chapter 12

To the Shiawassee Frontier

Nelson Drake had now to remake all of his plans. It so happened that the family had some cousins in Shiawassee county. Philemon Drake, a younger son of Reuben Drake of Lyons, N.Y., had emigrated to that area in the 1850s. He also had served in the Civil War, in the Eighth Michigan Cavalry. He died in 1867 at Bennington, Michigan. It is likely that a family connection had been kept up with these relatives, at least by correspondence. Possibly Nelson and Philemon had met in the service. In any case information came to Dansville of the attractive opportunities in Shiawassee county.

As lower Michigan immigrants had to go farther and farther inland on the ox trails to find land for settlement, the areas farther north began to be opened up. Some reasons that had delayed the settlement of the Lake Huron counties were: The false rumor that the region was unhealthy because of the flooding of the Saginaw River, and that eager land promoters met the boats as they came into Detroit, and to their own interest, directed the newcomers to the west.

Much of the Saginaw valley had great stands of pine, made available by the extensive river system. The sound of the woodman's ax had never been heard there through the silence of the centuries. Then that area suddenly began to become awake. Lumbermen from Maine arrived there in large numbers to exploit the great wealth of its timber. So Nelson, being aware of the limitations of his own little village, and longing for better opportunity, made plans to go to Shiawassee county. Also he would be away from the shadow of his father's pressing debts.

In December of 1868, Nelson sold his little parcel of land in preparation for leaving. Then in the spring of 1869 he departed, taking three of his sisters with him. This was history repeating itself, for his father, George Drake, had

come to Ingham County with his sisters, thirty years earlier. He took with him 'Delia, then twenty years old, Martha, eighteen, and Katie, sixteen. This relieved the Drake homestead quite a lot. It left only Jennie, ten, and Johnny, four, at home. Later Jennie became a school teacher. They left Dansville by the stage, that then went through their village. A new railroad was built or was being built north from Jackson to Saginaw and it went through Dexter. They were certain that they all could find work in that growing new land. The possibility of finding marriage partners could also have been a consideration. Anyway, they did find them.

We next hear of them in the new village of Chesaning, located on the banks of the Shiawassee River. Nelson Drake had gotten a job building the stone basement and foundation walls for a new house, for a man by the name of Ward, who lived about two miles from the village. The Warren Ward family had come there ten years before from Belchertown, Massachusetts, and he was replacing his log dwelling with a fine frame house, now that lumber was available and cheap. He had two daughters, both born in Belchertown. They were teaching school in the crude near-by district schools. The names of the girls were Eva and Ada.

Warren Ward was a descendant of an old colonial family. The Wards trace their ancestry back to the pioneer days in Massachusetts, to 1675, when William and Elizabeth Ward founded Marlborough, Mass. They were also the great grandparents of General Artemas Ward, who it is claimed, directed the defense of Boston in 1775, before General George Washington was appointed General-In-Chief. The Ward Book can be found in most of the larger libraries.

It was the younger daughter, Ada (her middle name was Estella), who made the stars shine in Nelson's eyes. Her school, where she taught, like other schools there in that pioneer day, only kept for twelve weeks in the year. The term began in April and continued into July. She boarded around. Some of her pupils were as big as the teacher and some as old. She was required by the contract to do the janitor work and build and care for the fire, if it was needed. Her salary was \$48.00 for the whole term, or \$4.00 a week. Nelson managed at convenient times to come along by the

school house when school was just dismissed to help clean up the room. The following spring on May 3, 1870, they were happily married, probably on a Saturday to not miss any school time. She was eighteen and he was twenty-five.

A tin-type of them both, taken shortly after the wedding, showed still a girl's face, but her bearing was noticeably mature. She was as tall as her husband. Her dark hair was parted in the middle and crimped up in a ridge on each side, then fell in ringlet curls to her shoulders. Her black dress, form-fitting to the narrow waist, reached the floor with wide ruffles. Her flared white collar had a bow tie with a white cameo at the center. She still wore that cameo years later, when dressed in her best. A gold watch was tucked under the dark waistband, made secure by a braided black cord, which hung in a loop and fastened to the waist. On the forefinger of her right hand she wore a gold ring. Her husband, with thin face, yet strong in body from his strenuous labor, wore a fine, dark suit with wide lapels. A heavy gold watch chain hung across his vest. A signet ring was on the little finger of his right hand. Also must be mentioned his heavy, sandy, waterfall moustache, which he had allowed to grow while at Chesaning, and which he continued to wear to the end of his life. One real reason was that he was a bit fastidious. He had a small protrusion on the center of his upper lip, which he preferred to hide. We note that some evidences of prosperity had begun to appear, in contrast to the near poverty of Ingham County days.

Four years after the marriage of Ada and Nelson Drake, his sister 'Delia married a Chesaning man by the name of John Nason. They owned a house in the village right on the steep banks of the wide Shiawassee River. They had an only child, a son named Chandler. Martha and Katie also found husbands there. Each married one of two brothers, respectively James and Nelson McClelland. These young men had come to Chesaning from Canada.

After the school term in July of 1871, Nelson and Ada Drake went to Ionia, where for about five years he took contracts for the building of houses. It was in 1870 that George Drake, his father at Dansville, had lost all of his land

by foreclosure at a sheriff's sale. This put upon Nelson a sense of responsibility for his parents. Among the Drakes, family concern had always been strong. It had been so for many generations.



NELSON and ADA WARD DRAKE
1870

Chapter 13

Pioneers in Mason County

In the early 1870's the United States Government was opening for settlement new hardwood timber lands in the northern part of the state, in Mason County. Two thirds of Mason County was heavily forested with sugar maple and other hardwoods. Mason County boasted that it had the best farm land of any of the counties bordering on Lake Michigan. The soil was black loam with clay. Ludington had already become a port for pine lumber and the saw mills were humming on Lake Pere Marquette at the mouth of the Pere Marquette River. East of the hardwood area were some of the best stands of white pine in the state, yes, even in the world. The pine logs were floated down the Pere Marquette River at flood time in the spring.

A railroad was completed in 1874 from Flint and Saginaw to Ludington, opening up the Mason County area from the east. The hardwood section in Mason County was untouched by saw and ax, for the mills could not handle hardwood, neither would it float down the river had they been able to saw it. In this new untouched area the Government offered its soldiers 160 acres and to other homesteaders 80 acres, on condition that they live on the land five years, before they could receive the patent of ownership.

On April 9, 1875, probably after visiting Mason County and looking over the land, we find Nelson Drake and his father, George, in the United States Land Office in Reed City making application for homestead patents for land in Mason County. Nelson Drake chose a quarter section (SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sect. 11), in what three years later was named Custer Township, after General Custer, tragic victim of the Little Big Horn Indian battle in 1876. This was an appropriate name because the Custer area had been an Indian Reservation of the Ottawa Indians. These Indians called the Pere Marquette River, that flowed through the township, "Notapeta-

gon" because of a battle among tribes at the river, when the victors cut off the heads of their enemies and stuck them up on sticks in the river, the name meaning, "River with Heads



GEORGE DRAKE
about 1870

on Sticks". The Ottawas were moved to Wisconsin. However a few families remained. I can remember, that as a small child riding with my father in a wagon and going by an Indian shack and seeing an indian and his squaw sitting

beside their house. As we came closer, they got up and walked behind the building so as not to be seen. Such was the furtive caution of these people not yet used to civilization.

The adjoining eighty acres to the west of the Nelson Drake claim was taken by George Drake, so that the whole might be worked as one farm. That very summer, 1875, George Drake moved his family to Mason County. He was sixty years old and his wife, Sarah, fifty-three. It was pretty late for a new start in an unbroken country. Jennie was sixteen and Johnny was twelve.

Nelson Drake did not move into Mason County until the following year. How George Drake got a warm shelter ready before the winter set in was answered by the coming of his daughter Katie and her husband, Nelson McClellan, from Chesaning. They had been married in March of 1875, and they came to Custer Township on the new railroad. They added their young strength to the project of building a log house. This explains how it was that their first, and as it happened, their only child was born in Custer on Christmas Day. They named this precious Christmas gift from heaven, Nellie Katie, after both her parents, Nelson and Katie McClellan. There were no roads there yet and the George Drake cabin was built on a hill, well back on the homestead property, with a spring at the base of the hill. It was necessary for them to carry water in pails up the hill for every necessary purpose. Land locations were found by the surveyors' stakes and by the witness tress.

The first store was built near the railroad and not far from the Pere Marquette River in 1878, three years after George Drake arrived. This was the beginning of the village of Custer. The land chosen by the Drakes was one mile north and two miles east of the village of Custer. Weldon Creek was the first post office in that area. In 1876 Nelson and Katie McClellan filed a claim for a homestead of their own. It was for eighty acres and it lay just east of the land taken by the Drakes, and in Section 12.

I have heard my father tell of his arrival into the Custer country. With my mother he came in on the new P.M. railroad on a mixed train at ten o'clock at night. The train stopped at a place called Weldon Creek, about two miles

from his land. His tools and furniture were left piled up beside the track. It was necessary for them to walk the two miles to his father's cabin and get a yoke of oxen, probably



NELSON DRAKE at CUSTER
about 1888

hitched to a sled, to hawl in their belongings. Without a road and with the ox team, he threaded his way through the woods, around and under the great giants of the forest to the place they would call home. He put a carpet over a bent sapling for their first shelter, until something better could be erected. That summer of 1876 they built the log

house of the type familiar to the seventies. With the additions and refinements that were later added it had to last for several years.

The first years of homesteading in Mason County were marked by the crashing of trees as roads and land for planting were being cleared. Father was a farmer by instinct and thought mostly of planting crops. It was the same as when a generation earlier his father cleared the oak lands in Ingham County. Many of the trees were burned. A farmer of the seventies in Mason County tells of clearing an acre of land and of planting corn with an ax in the untilled ground around the stumps. He claimed that he raised sixty bushels on that acre. But the land in this Section Eleven of Custer township was on the eastern edge of the hardwood section, and when it was later cleared off, it proved not to be of the best. A mile or so to the east the pine land began, which, now nearly ninety years later, is kept green only because it is included in the conservation areas of the state.

In the summer of 1877 father's sister, Martha, and her husband, James McClelland, with two small sons came from Chesaning and took up eighty acres two miles to the north. So now most of the family were close together again. More about Martha's family later.

Jennie Drake, father's young school-teacher sister, after five years in Custer Township, died of tuberculosis at 21 years of age. The diagnosis and treatment of that disease was not understood then, neither was it known in what way the malady infected others. Teachers, having the disease were still allowed to teach school, to use the same dishes, drink from the same dippers, and live and work with others in small and closed rooms. So the toll of death among maturing youth was quite common in the close and intimate living of the north woods. It sometimes seemed that the finest youth were the victims. William Cullen Bryant expressed it:

*"A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moved mournfully away from amid the young and fair".*

The funeral service was held in father's cabin. They laid Jennie's body away in the new Riverside Cemetery at Custer in a beautiful spot on a curve of the quietly flowing, high-

Correction, page 82. Picture title should be:
Archibald Wickham and Nellie McClellan
at time of marriage in 1902.

banked Pere Marquette River. She was to be the first of many of the family to end life's journey there.

Father's sister, Katie, and her husband, Nelson McClellan, built a cabin on their homestead on Section 12, and began clearing the land. It appears that their land included some



NEELSON McCLELLAN and KATIE DRAKE *McClellan*
at time of marriage—1875 *Archibald Wickham*

lowland and swamp. In clearing off the timber and building log roads, he was often wet to the skin. As their daughter, much later described it, "Ague burned his body and shook his bones". It was very rough country. When Nellie, their Christmas child, was nine years old, Nelson McClellan died, April 19, 1884, at the age of 30 years. The official diagnosis was, "Ulceration of the lungs and Bright's Disease, due to

exposure". So tragedy came early to them in their land venture. Then, when Nellie was but fifteen, her mother, Katie, died, on New Year's Day, 1891, age 37 years, and of tuberculosis. So had the infection from her sister Jennie, or so it appears, brought disaster to this family. But not only there, but the white specter of tuberculosis stalked through many of the cabins in that north land wilderness.

Nellie's aunt and uncle, 'Delia and John Nason of Chesaning, took the orphan child with them to their home on the Shiawassee. The following year the Nasons lost their only child, Chandler, age twelve, by accidental drowning in the wide and slowly flowing river at the rear of their house. So Nellie's coming to live with them filled a big gap in their lives because of this great loss. Nellie became a real daughter to them. We will come back to this story of Nellie McClellan a bit later in this account.

A sawmill was soon set up at Custer so that sawed lumber could be had by the settlers of the area. About the first thing was the building of a house for the aging parents of Nelson Drake, to replace the log cabin. It was built in the simple and familiar style of the time, a plain upright with a lean-to, and back on the same hill near the spring of water. As a small child I can just remember seeing Grandpa's house across the fields, but I cannot remember anything more about it.

In 1883 father built for himself a barn. A barn then was more important than a new house, made of lumber. All of the frame of the barn was of hewn timbers, squared with the broad-ax and pinned together with wooden pins. It was raised according to the neighborly custom of having a Bee. The frame was all raised and pinned in one day. I doubt if father furnished any rum, for he was definitely not of that sort. He hated the stuff with a perfect hatred. The siding was of local pine boards, put on vertically and without ever the benefit of paint. It stands there today, after eighty years, square and straight and enclosed. The roof only has been renewed. The horse mangers are chewed almost to the bottom by the horses that have been stabled there. This barn is one of many gradually vanishing landmarks of northern Michigan.

Our mother, Ada Ward Drake, was strong and shared fully in the making of a home in that then back country. The story is told of her driving an ox-team on a wagon to Custer village, and on returning making the oxen run as



NELLIE McCLELLAN and her mother
KATIE DRAKE McCLELLAN
about 1888

they turned into the gate, the wagon bouncing. The sprint was just for fun. The incident expressed her exuberant spirit and her healthful energy. It also displayed her skill in handling oxen. There is no doubt but that she had often handled the ox-team in the clearing of the fields.

Eight years went by after the marriage of Nelson and Ada Drake before their first child was born, September 17, 1878. They named him, Clarence Lorenzo. Nine and one-half years still later on February 17, 1888, the stork with a double load visited them again. Twins were born. They named the first, Florence Ada, and the other Floyd Nelson, giving the middle names after themselves. Thus it was that we three children were born in an original log cabin on the homestead of an original settler in Custer Township. So we can almost be called pioneers, too.

The seventeenth of the month was the natal day for each of us. That seventeenth day of February, 1888, was in the coldest part of one of the coldest winters for many years in northern Michigan. Snow sifted in upon our beds. The old timers still speak of it, and even newspapers today mention that cold winter of '88. Anyway it must have been a joyous occasion. Our parents could then well afford a family. Father was forty-three. The farm was pretty well cleared. All seemed to be well.

This sudden increase in the family at the Drake home started plans for a new and larger house. Logs were hauled to the Custer sawmill and the green lumber was piled in stacks around the log house for seasoning. My sister, Florence, can remember seeing these lumber stacks. Hopes were high for the future. Then suddenly, like a gathering storm, tragedy hung over them. Ada Drake was painfully ill. The physician from Scottville, three miles west of Custer, could do nothing for her. He called it inflammation of the bowels. We believe that it must have been appendicitis. That affliction was then unknown. She was another one of the rather frequent victims of those years, before the necessary medical knowledge and surgical skills were known, such as could have saved her life. She died on May 7, 1889. Nelson and Ada Drake had been married nineteen years and four days. She was thirty-seven.

The funeral service was held in the little Congregational church at Custer. It still stands there, white-painted, attractive in appearance and still actively used, only it is now a Baptist church. It is right on the street that goes by Riverside Cemetery. An obelisk granite monument, wrongly dated

by one year too early, marks her resting place on the family lot beside the murmuring waters of the Pere Marquette River.

This tragic event of mother's death was a staggering blow to father. We twins were but fourteen months old and were just getting our balance for walking. All of the plans so carefully and hopefully made were shattered. The new house was not built on the homestead. What could a man do with year-old twins and a ten-year-old boy back there on that farm? For the children's sake a change in living was necessary. Grandma Sarah Drake, nearing seventy years of age, could only step in for a short time, which she did.

Father soon closed the log house and took us to Scottville, where he built a new house. Scottville was the first town to be built on the new P.M. Railroad. It is the heart of Mason County farm lands, and it was then growing quite fast. Strange as it may seem, before a year had passed, and in the midst of winter, the new house burned to the ground. It seems that a big chunk of wood in the stove had fallen against the stove door in the night and the burning coals fell upon the floor. A barking dog and a crying child (myself) woke up the family in time so all escaped safely. Nothing else was saved except the family trunk.

As it had happened two generations earlier, Nelson Drake, to solve his family problems, rushed into marriage too soon, thinking only of us children. The new prospect was twenty-five years old, a maiden lady, and listed on the marriage license as a housekeeper. Very likely she was father's housekeeper. Perhaps she had before lacked a good chance for a desirable marriage. It was on Christmas Eve, 1890, that father called on a minister and they were married in Scottville. Her name was Miss Lola Rice. She was a very desirable lady, alright, but "September and May" is hardly a proper combination. He was twenty years older than she. With two small children already hanging to her skirts the chances of success were poor. After five months, in the month of May, 1891, she left him and filed an application for a divorce, which was granted at the end of the year.

The following year father tried marriage again. He could hardly have done otherwise and have kept his family together. In April of 1892 he gained the consent of a widow

of his own age, forty-six. Her name was Mary Kibby. She had lost two husbands, the last a physician, Dr. Kibby. He had attended our mother in her fatal sickness. Mary Drake, our stepmother, was a refined woman. She had a grown son by her first husband. She loved nice things and preferred to live in town. Physically she was of good height, full bosomed and carried a little extra weight.

Mary Drake was extra good to us children. She taught us twins at her knees the first fond prayers of childhood. She was our guardian angel through all the years of our growing up. She labored side-by-side with father through many difficult times, as this record will describe. We never really appreciated her, until it was too late. We took her for granted and thought mostly of ourselves. I remember that once she complained about working her fingers to the bone. That is figurative, but it was almost true.

This new wife, in token of her sincerity, deeded an eighty acres of land that she owned, to father, and it was sold for \$800. This was about the value of farm land there at that time.

Nelson Drake then went into the meat business at Scottville and we lived in the rooms above the store. It seems that this business was a partnership with an experienced partner. I have heard father remark facetiously on several occasions that he had the money and the partner the experience, and that soon he had the experience and the partner had the money. Anyway the partnership did not last but a few months.

By February, 1893, father had moved back to the farm. We twins would be five years old on the seventeenth of February and we must start right in school. Our step-mother refused to go along. She just would not go back to that log house where our mother had died. They each had a mind about it, and that was that. So father hired a woman to keep house and we started to school. There were then only three school houses in Custer Township. Two of them were each a mile from our farm, one north and one south. We started in the school to the north. I remember distinctly that during a storm a big tree had fallen across the

road and blocked the way for the wagon as we were taken to school.

Soon it was believed by father that the teacher in the south school was better, so we were transferred and went through the woods to the school on the south. In those three months after our fifth birthday, we learned the letters



MARTHA DRAKE McCLELLAN
Mother of ten
Among her flowers

of the alphabet, both to read and write them, and some words beside. An incident at the south school made me learn fast. I was following the boys as they ran around the school house at recess. One boy was eating an apple and

seeing me look at him wistfully, he offered me the core. I bit into a big fat worm. They had a good time at my expense. So I learned right there not to take everything that is offered free. My education had begun.

There was only one thing that father could do and save his marriage, and at the same time remain a farmer, and that was to sell out and find a farm in a more settled community, a place acceptable to his wife. He had relatives in Jackson, Michigan, among the Dancers, children of his mother's sister. One was a real estate agent. He found a 150-acre-farm near Jackson, where the owner would consider a trade for the Custer homestead. The thing that convinced our step-mother was the fine house in a lovely yard, in which were shade trees. The house had a large parlor, fronted by a gingerbread porch. I found that this was a fine place to ride my rocking horse. There were nice bedrooms upstairs. So the trade was made. Father was allowed \$4,000 for the homestead farm. In April, 1893, we were on our way by train to Jackson. Our grandparents, George and Sarah Drake, remained at Custer. Their son, John, was then twenty-nine and married and he could look after them.

Martha, father's sister, and her husband, James McClellan, lived on their homestead to the end of their lives. There they raised their ten children. One son, Claud, however, died when he was twenty years old. Another, Grant, after twenty years of struggle for an education, by teaching school, mining, railroading, and oil-field work, graduated from North Pacific Dental College in Portland, Oregon, in his fortieth year. In 1915 he opened an office as a dentist in Powers, Oregon, retiring in 1943 after twenty-eight years in this profession. Four of Martha's sons became farmers. The youngest of the family, McKinley, was so named because he was born the same year that McKinley was inaugurated president of the United States. McKinley McClellan has lived all of his life on his father's homestead farm. Two of the daughters, Nora and Martha, never married and still live on the old homestead. One of the farmer sons, Harry, had ten children. Altogether, by the year 1963, Martha Drake McClellan has had 139 descendents. Their

names and something about each one may be found in the Genealogy Supplement of this book.

I return now to the account of Nellie McClellan with her aunt and uncle, 'Delia and John Nason, in Chesaning. Nellie went to high school there, and in 1897 studied at Ferris Institute. She grew up into beautiful womanhood. During her high school days, romance had a normal beginning as friendship ripened with a school companion by the name of Archie Wickham. He was even then setting his vision in the direction of a medical career. At the turn of the century he went to Ann Arbor, entered the University of Michigan and remained there for two years. In 1902 they were married and made their home in Detroit. In 1904 he graduated from the Detroit College of Medicine. As he did not have sufficient financial resources, he worked his way through school. Dr. Wickham did his internship at Solway Hospital in Detroit. He was not content to just be a doctor and hang out his shingle. Like many physicians of a generation later, he decided to specialize. In 1916 he went east and took graduate work at Harvard and Boston University and studied under Dr. Richard Cabot of John Hopkins University. He studied further at Trudeau Sanatorium at Saranac Lake, N.Y. His specialty concerned the disease of tuberculosis. He was destined to be in the first rank of those in the medical profession in making onslaught upon the "White Plague" in Michigan. To me it seems providential, considering the experience of Nellie Wickham's family at Custer. He became especially adept in the diagnosis of tuberculosis. It was commonly said of him, "If Dr. Wickham cannot diagnose it, nobody can". In 1920 they opened a "cottage" Sanatorium for the disease in Detroit.

Nellie was amused when after he had achieved a good measure of success, he felt unsatisfied with his christened name, Archie, by which he had always been known. As a professional man, that name seemed a bit immature. So he changed it to Archibald B., and so it was ever after.

In planning a larger service the Wickhams searched over four southeastern counties of Michigan looking for a suitable site for a new hospital. They finally chose a ten-acre area on Buchner Hill, one of the picturesque, wooded hills in

Northville, Michigan. On it was a palatial mansion which had been the residence of a wealthy tobacco merchant. This was the beginning of the 100-bed Wickham Sanatorium for the care and treatment of tuberculosis patients. Dr. Wickham was truly a pioneer, not in clearing away forests, but



NELLIE McCLELLAN WICKHAM and
her husband, A. B. WICKHAM, M.D.
at Northville Sanatorium

in the cure of this dread disease, long before the coming of the wonder drugs.

Nellie Wickham was a partner in all of this and she was a true help-meet to this remarkable man. She became the auditor of this institution. Because the facilities there afforded the opportunity, she nursed her aunt, 'Delia Nason, at Northville, during her final illness, thus in a measure repaying a service of love. For about twenty years the Wick-

hams owned and operated this haven of healing. Many hundreds of persons now live healthful and happy lives because of this wonderful ministry at Northville. Patients were literally snatched from the grave.

In their later years Dr. and Mrs. Wickham traveled widely over the United States, and even to Europe and South America. At their retirement they made their home at Phoenix, Arizona. Nellie Wickham died there on June 6, 1950, at the age of 76 years. Dr. Wickham followed her to his reward the following year. They had three children, Cecil Archibald, Lucile Adelia, and Leone. Lucile married Harold R. Roehm, M.D. They live at Bloomfield Hills, Mich. Cecil died at age 39 after marrying and having a family. Leone has been a widow since 1957 and lives at Birmingham, Michigan.

Thus was begun a new line of trained leadership. (See the Genealogical Supplement of this book)

The good work of the Wickhams goes right on. The official name is Eastlawn Convalescent Home Inc. A verse appears in the brochure of the institution, written by A. L. Anderson. It not only describes the healing ministry of Eastlawn Sanatorium, but it describes the spirit and ministry of the Wickhams who established this place of healing on the hill.

*There is a house on a hill near the edge of town;
It's a place with a mystic lure.
You could stand on its roof and look straight down,
It's the place where they take the cure.
There's a job to be done by the folks on the hill
That no villager has in his work;
And they're doing it well with a prayer and a will,
And no one is there who will shirk.
But the day will arrive when the folks will descend
Down the road that winds all the way.
They'll return to the town at the foot of the hill,
And that will be their great day.*

(Used by permission of A. L. Anderson)

Chapter 14

The Panic of 1893

In buying the Jackson farm father had assumed a mortgage of nearly four thousand dollars, which was quite a farm mortgage in 1893. Clarence was nearing fifteen and a lot was expected of him to help. All the livestock, including two teams and the tools, had to be purchased. They plunged right in with high hopes. Hope springs in the Spring on the farm. The farm was of rather light soil, some of it very good for potatoes and corn. They planted a lot of both that year. Father purchased several sows in the expectation of raising many hogs, to fatten in the fall.

Grover Cleveland had just been inaugurated as president of the United States for his second term, after a rather prosperous Republican administration in between. The Congress began with changing the basis of the money. Legislation was enacted to compel the government to buy four and one-half million ounces of silver each month, to back up the silver certificates. They hoped to stimulate the market price for silver to benefit the mining states. In June of 1893 the British India government suspended the coinage of silver, and the price of silver in the United States declined rapidly. Even the experts vary in their explanations. By the autumn of 1893 a panic was on in earnest. Banks failed, factories closed and many were out of jobs. Some began to rove the country-side, begging their way. By winter there was terrible suffering. Father could find but little market for his hard-earned products. I remember riding with him to town on a wagon loaded with potatoes. The price had dropped to ten cents a bushel. He unloaded the potatoes in a pile beside the street rather than to draw them home. Then people came from all directions with aprons and pails to carry them away. He took cases of fine strawberries to town but had to sell them for three cents a quart.

He decided to butcher his own hogs. He fed them boiled potatoes with the corn. The potatoes were boiled in a big iron kettle, which was kept going night and day. I can smell it now. They shoveled the potatoes into long troughs and the greedy hogs gobbled them up. My sadistic strain found expression by putting in some hot ones and seeing the hogs spit them out. The fat hogs were dressed right there. Father and Clarence, with some help, stood on a platform and heaved the big stuck hogs up and down in a barrel of scalding water. Then they quickly went to work with hand-scrapers to take off the bristles. The long, white rows of fat porkers hung on heavy poles. Masses of small stones were taken from their innards. The hogs had gobbled them up in their hurry. We kids had fun inflating some of the bladders into balloons. They didn't burst like the cheap balloons kids have today. The dressed pork brought only three cents a pound. Father then became a Republican for sure. He said that he would rather vote for the devil on the Republican ticket than to vote for any Democrat. He became a rock-ribbed Republican and later was a delegate to the state Republican convention.

Clarence started to high school in Jackson the next year and lived during the week with some of the Killeen relatives. He was a raw, country lad and the city was very strange to him. His clothes and habits were different from those of the sophisticated city youths. It was too much of an adjustment for him to make. The farm needed him and so that ended his academic education. For him afterwards it was the rough school of hard knocks. Hungry for recreation, he took girls to the dances with the horse and buggy. He learned the tunes of the gay nineties, "Hot Time", "After the Ball", and others, which I soon learned to whistle.

Few country boys went to high school then. There was not much vision down on the farm. To become a farmer it did not seem to require any schooling beyond the district school. Farming was mostly planting and reaping. Fertilization of the land was largely the plowing down of a clover crop or of spreading the heavy piles from the barnyard over the land with a hand-fork. Rotation of crops was hardly known and not practiced. Stock-raising paid little heed to

breeding. To have scrub animals was the rule. Father used to tell the familiar and worn-out story of the man on horse-back having a sack with corn in one end and a pig in the other. The breed was the corn, he said. Labor-saving machinery was limited to the mower, the dump rake and the binder. The personal program from dawn to dark was work, work, work. Farm boys did not head for college until a generation later.

The five years on the Jackson farm for me, from five-years-old to ten, seem to have been ideal, even with the woodshed included. At school at recess the boys played "Duck on the Rock", a rather dangerous game at times. Each player had a hand-sized stone. The duck was a player's stone placed on the top of a big rock. The players stood behind a line and in turn each loped his stone to knock off the duck. They could retrieve their stones only when the duck was off, and if the boy who was "IT" got the duck back on in time, he might touch a player retrieving his stone, if he could. Then the touched boy would be "IT". This was a very exciting game, never to be forgotten. It was later outlawed by the school authorities.

A great event for us was when the "Greatest Show on Earth" came to Jackson. The barns and fences were plastered with bright-colored posters depicting dare-devil feats. We went to the show in the surrey with the fringe on top. Our eyes bugged out at the strange animals and sights. We had never seen such pomp and glitter and color as in the parade. We marvelled at the dangerous performances under the big top. Admission for children was 25c. Years later, in spite of the lifted eyebrows of well-meaning friends, we never hesitated to take our children to the circus.

The Fourth of July always began with my brother shooting off both barrels of his shotgun at four o'clock in the morning. We always went to town with flags flying! A feature of the parade, well-remembered, was the brewers' big horses, a prancing team of four percherons, hitched to a truck of beer in barrels. The beer barons already had learned to hitch something beautiful and fine to the liquor business to pull it along. I did not moralize about it then. I was cracking torpedoes at the feet of girls and freely buying

all kinds of fire-crackers and fireworks — to the limit of my allowance of fifty cents. We always survived without injury, even if others didn't.

In summer we roamed the woods for flowers and winter greens, and unintentionally disturbed the blue-racers. I fished the creek for shiners and sun fish and experienced the aching of legs at night. We rode the fattened-calf until he ran under the bushes to brush us off. Once, just once, I stuck a stick into the paper house of a yellow jackets' nest, which hung on a low limb of a peach tree, but my getaway was too slow. Both eyes swelled up so that I could not see. Winter as well as summer had its exciting experiences, such as breaking through the ice on the pond in the woods, and breaking off the ice until I could get on top of it again; then running home in frozen clothes. We had few toys beside dolls for my siser, Florence, and a rocking horse for me. We played by playing the work of our elders. Such, in brief sketch, was child life in the late nineties on the farm.

There was a country Methodist Church about two miles away. We twins were often there, probably at the insistence of our step-mother. Some of us sat on the edge of the pulpit platform, for our class met in the front corner of the church. While we constantly wiggled, the faithful lady teacher sowed good seed in our hearts that would bear fruit later. For a short time special evening meetings were held at the church. One evening father stood up and made a testimony of faith in God. I remember that I promptly stood up beside him and said, what I had heard others say, "I love the Lord". After that, for at least a few days, father conducted devotions at the breakfast table. That scene of my father on his knees in prayer, has been before me all through the years since. When the pastor would call at our home, he was always welcome and never left without a prayer. Religion in our home was mostly in such expressions of respect on occasion. However our parents were good people. Father was always honest in his dealings, and a man of his word. His profanity was very mild, even under great provocation. He would rebuke us for using any bad language.

Father always kept a big pound-size bag of tobacco on hand. His corncob pipe with a tobacco box was a fixture on

the warming oven of the kitchen stove. He did most of his smoking after meals around the house. Once when all had gone to town and I was left at home, it seemed like a good idea to try a few draws on the old baked pipe. The first puff sent me reeling. I left it alone after that, along with the hornets' nest.

When we twins were about eight years old, grandfather and grandmother Drake came to live with us. They were unable safely to live alone any longer. We had a big house and so they came to live with us. Grandfather Drake was then about eighty years old, and, as I remember it, somewhat feeble. This was my first experience of living intimately with old people. He puttered around out-of-doors. I am sure that grandmother helped all that she could. However I would not have noticed this much for I was used to seeing everyone working. One thing soon became clear and that was that they were not happy. It takes more than a roof and bed and bread to make a home.

Their coming put an extra burden on our step-mother. Farm housekeeping in those days required long hours of hard work. The washing was done over a tub with a scrub-board. The heavy farm garments were cranked by hand through the wringer. The water was heated in the copper boiler on top of the wood burning kitchen stove, and dipped out to the tubs and then bailed out to the drain. There was no electricity on the farm and no labor-saving appliances. The only power machine was the windmill to pump the water. Cooking was over the hot range. Dishes were washed and wiped by hand and piled in the pantry. There were milkpails and milk-setting pans and the churn to clean and scald. There were two working men to feed, two children to feed and sew for, and then two extra grandparents! It was too much. It threatened to break up our home. Our step-mother left for a time. Father had to do something about it. This is an old story, increasingly repeated over the land. In fact, in our later generation, it has become a problem of national concern, even with all our appliances and conveniences.

It did not take long for our elderly guests to sense that they were not very welcome in the house. How awful it is

not to be wanted at home! Grandmother Sarah Drake, who had cared for her own mother for years to the end of her days, now went out into the orchard and sat on the ground under an apple tree and wept. I can see her now with her very thin red hair, with her head on her knees and weeping silently. We children tried to comfort her as best we could in our childish way. Our sympathy went out to her. This was my first conscious concern for the plight of any older person. This seeming natural concern and sympathy was to find full expression, years later, in a career of service to older people during the last fifteen years of my Christian ministry. Our parents reluctantly decided that grandparents George and Sarah Drake must be separated after their fifty-five years of living together. I can now appreciate what that cruel decision meant, though this alternative to the breaking up of our home was intended kindly enough. Sarah Drake went to live with her daughter, Mary Etta Rae, in Ingham county. She was cared for comfortably there until her death in 1905, at the age of eighty-three. Grandfather in his loneliness longed to go back to their old Custer homestead. "I want to go home" is an old cry of the displaced older person. He started to walk away several times. Father finally fitted him out and gave him a horse to ride and leave at a livery stable. So George Drake got on the train at Jackson for Custer. There he lived alone on the old farm until he died two years later in 1896. He died in his chair while a neighbor was visiting with him. He was eighty-three. His son, John, died at Custer that same year.

So ended the lives of these two original pioneers of Michigan, George and Sarah Drake. They had followed the migration route down the Erie Canal, that his father had helped to build. They sailed across Lake Erie on one of the early steamboats, followed the ox trails through the forests and made their first home of the green logs on their unbroken land, in the days when Michigan was new. Labor with hardship was their portion, family faithfulness their law of life, and separation by unavoidable circumstances the last bitter draught of their cup.

Chapter 15

We Kids Grow Up

After five years of rowing against the current on that farm, and with Clarence nearing twenty and dreaming of a farm of his own, father decided to make a change for a smaller farm that he could handle himself. The mortgage had been reduced nearly a thousand dollars through six harvests. Good luck favored him and he was able to sell, clearing about five thousand dollars. With this he bought an eighty-acre farm of excellent soil five miles north of Charlotte in Eaton County. The deal was good enough to make of him a speculator of a sort, which kept our family shifting for years afterwards to supposedly greener fields.

So, in September of 1898, the hay racks of the two wagons were loaded, one with household goods and the other with farm tools. One or two colts were tied beside their mothers of the teams. Some cows were led behind and crates of chickens were placed on the load of tools. I rode on a mattress on the other wagon. And so we moved slowly for forty miles over the dirt roads to the new farm. We stayed over night at a livery barn, rolled in blankets on some straw. The place was Onondaga, another of those towns by a New York Indian name. Father found an egg in the chicken crate and broke it into the coffee pot to settle the grounds—a pioneer trick before the percolater. Step-mother and Florence went on the train.

In the new school district father was soon elected to the school board and became the director. The birch rod was still in evidence. He promised us that if either got a licking at school that there would be another one at home. That was a promise we never tested out. At school on a corner-shelf was the water pail, always freshly filled by the older boys from the well. Beside it hung the long-handled dipper for general use. Germs had not yet been discovered there.

We learned mostly by memorizing what the books said and then recited the lessons to the teacher.

We walked two miles to the old Gresham Methodist Church for Sunday School, along with other children who lived along the way. Those were certainly formative years for us and they have left some sacred memories. Grant Jordon, a young man of the community, was the Superintendent of the Sunday School. He later became a Methodist minister and a life-long friend of ours. The woman, who was our class teacher, gave us a photograph of herself for Christmas. I kept it as a precious gift for many years, until it was finally lost among the multiplicity of other pictures of friends.

During those days the prohibition, or local option campaign was on; and the liquor people were desperate to save their businesses. Father, to his credit, took an active part on the right side. He had experienced at close range what liquor had done to some of his own earlier relatives. I remember with strong impression what he said in a brief speech to a crowded house at the Gresham church one evening at a rally. He said with some eloquence and with strong conviction that he would rather see his own children dead than drunk.

We lived on that farm about five years, until it was time for us twins to go to high school. We were at the age then when many young people now are well along in their secondary school education. But we had very little to stimulate us to learning then. We wore the school threshold thinnest by rushing out rather than by eagerly going in.

Clarence by that time had bought a farm with father's help. It was just across the section from where we lived. The farm house had burned down. He fixed up the granary for living quarters and then married a neighbor's daughter, Miss Helen Bradley. Here their five sons and one daughter were born. Later Clarence bought a farm near Vestaburg, Michigan. While there their youngest child, Warren, when eighteen years old, was shot accidentally while hunting on Thanksgiving Day in 1937. He died soon afterwards from the wound. He was a fine lad with much promise. In their old age Clarence and Helen now live in a cottage, that he

built himself, on Townline Lake, near Lakeview, Michigan. Here they enjoy the visits of their children and of their many grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. The list of them is in the supplement of this book. As the years go silently by, the most sacred spot on this earth to Clarence and Helen Drake is that grave lot in the Vestaburg Cemetery, where so suddenly many of their fond hopes were laid away. They celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary on March 13, 1961.

Father sold the farm and bought a house in Charlotte so that we twins might go to school. To drive five miles daily to high school was impractical then because of weather and the certain prospect of blocked roads in winter. Our step-mother had long wanted to live in town. Father was nearing sixty years of age, which was a bit too early then for anybody to retire. We entered the freshman class at Charlotte. My sister Florence stopped her high school course to be married at eighteen. Her husband was a barber. They had a son, whom they named, Floyd, after myself. After his graduation from college he became a teacher of physical education.

While at Charlotte we attended the Epworth League at the Methodist Church. Many fine young people of the high school attended there. Some were truly earnest and devout Christians. Several of them later went into full-time Christian service. This experience among this group was one of the most rewarding associations of my young life. At that time the Methodists were building a new church. During the dedication services, and, at the invitation of a classmate, I made a commitment of my life to Christ. While I did not experience any of the strange sensations that some expect, I did definitely set my feet in the new direction, determined to learn the "Way". Father and step-mother also joined the church.

My father soon became very uneasy living in town with nothing to do. He would never just sit around. He was too active a man for that. He took an active part in the G.A.R. and gloried a bit in it, as he had a good right to do.

It was inevitable that he would soon be dickering for a farm again. What else could a farmer do in town? He was

no lackey to do odd jobs for other people. So he did some trading and got a farm two miles south of Charlotte. It was too big for him to work alone. It was evident that he included me in his plans. So I was pulled out of school and missed a year, and found myself behind my class. Then I started driving to school with a horse and cart. He soon sold that farm for more houses in Charlotte. He was bit by the same speculation bug as his father before him, only he had some gains instead of losses.

That summer I decided that I would go to the Ferris Institute at Big Rapids to catch up on some of my lost credits. I found that most of the students there were teachers bent on improving their teaching qualifications, and that the courses were geared to that kind of a program. In addition to enrolling in a class of English Classics, I also took elocution. It proved providential. The course was to serve me well in the unseen years ahead. It was there that I saw men in their fifties learning to read. It impressed me to see their struggle so late for even the rudiments of an education. Woodbridge Ferris talked to us almost every morning at the assembly. We caught his burning enthusiasm for education and his spirit of dogged determination. As you know, he later became the Governor of Michigan.

During my high school junior year, my restless father traded all of his Charlotte properties for a real big farm of 240 acres, on the Allegan-Barry County line near Gunn Lake, about thirty miles away. He pulled me out of school again. Would I ever get an education? He promised me that the farm should all be mine if I would stay with him on it. I had no idea what that could or would mean. He was bound to make me a farmer. It was his way of life and the circumference of all his thinking. To buy the farm machinery and the stock he gave a chattel mortgage. With the estimates too high, this turned out to be a bad deal. After two poor harvests, he sold out and took income properties in Grand Rapids. So I was left high and dry and with only the clothing that I possessed. I was then twenty-one years old. I did not think too much about this however. That was the way farm boys usually started out. I was used to father having all the money and allowing me what he thought

was needed. This was a practice in many families of that generation.

During the winter evenings on that farm, to feed my mind, I studied a "History of the Jews" by Josephus, which I had found there. I attended the Sunday School at the district school house. Because of my recent familiarity with Jewish history, I was chosen to teach the community teacher-training class, which met evenings around at the homes. This was to lead me into school teaching.

Another significant thing for me happened then also. It proved to be more than enough to compensate for the seemingly wasted months on that farm. While active in the Grange, I met an attractive school teacher by the name of Hattie Oliver. I squired her home a few times with the horse and buggy. Our company was mutually congenial. All this background was my springboard into an independent adult life.

After father had held his auction in the spring of 1909, I worked for a neighbor for over a month, with team and wagon cleaning his barnyard and scattering the fertilizer with a fork over the hill-sides. So began my new independence, at least by building strong muscles and a strong heart, and earning a few dollars.

The school board, learning about the success of my class teaching, invited me to teach the district school, to begin in the fall. So, borrowing thirty-five dollars from my father, which I paid back, I headed for Ypsilanti Teachers' College to qualify for a certificate. Hattie had the same idea. And so it happened that summer that we found opportunity to use the park benches of Ypsilanti in the gloaming part of those sweet days to continue our ripening relationship.

School teaching was a natural for me and right down my alley. I guess that I inherited it from my mother and her family. Soon we figured that my salary of forty dollars a month plus hers of the same amount might be put together into the same budget. So it was on Christmas Day, 1909, we were married at the farm home of her family. We were both twenty-one. Only her family was present. It was a very stormy day. The minister, the Reverend Wade Phillips of the Methodist Church at Wayland, had difficulty getting

his horse and cutter through the drifts. He and his wife became our life-long friends. Very much later I followed him as pastor, where he had built a splendid parsonage.

Chapter 16

Stepping Stones of Teaching School

I will avoid writing much personal details, only mentioning the high spots, for my purpose is to write the record of the Drake Family and to sketch the times in which they and we lived.

Hattie Oliver was the oldest of six of the children of Ralph and Anna Oliver. He had been an engineer, running a railroad engine over the mountains in the West. Hattie was born in Pocatello, Idaho. Quitting the railroad, he used his savings to buy the farm about five miles from Wayland. He was then chosen as the Worthy Master of the Grange.

The following year I taught the upper grades of a two-room school at Bradley, getting fifty dollars a month. We rented part of a farm-house for two and a half dollars a month. We spent the whole sum of seventy-five dollars for new furniture. It included a dining table and six chairs, complete bed, dresser and commode, rocking chair, sewing machine, kitchen stove and several other pieces. I cut trees along the highway on Saturdays for fuel, sawing them up with a bucksaw. Our first child was born there, Florence May, named after both mine and Hattie's sisters.

With an extra mouth to feed, I applied the next year for a ten-grade school in Barry County, at Hickory Corners. I taught the upper grades and the high school subjects, including book-keeping, which I had never had. I kept well ahead of the class. The pay was sixty dollars a month. Our house rent per month was five dollars. Our son was born there and named, Oliver, after his mother's family. He was destined to become a Methodist minister. We were at Hickory Corners for two years.

I should say that at Hickory Corners, as always, we were active in the church. I taught an adult class in the Sunday

School and often got up at four o'clock on Sunday mornings to finish my preparation for the lesson. I had bought a fifty volume set of the Pulpit Commentary. At least it showed my growing interest in things spiritual. I was elected as a trustee of the church there. I had the opportunity to help them plan a new church building, though I had no financial ability whatsoever. Later I was credited as being influential in the construction of the new Methodist Church at Hickory Corners.

It now became apparent to us that I could not make any further progress in school teaching without a college education. So we packed up our poor belongings, loaded them onto a lumber wagon and drove a team of horses with the load to Kalamazoo. There we rented a house near Western State Normal College, (now Western Michigan Univ.) We bought some second-hand furniture to add to our own and advertised for students to room and board with us. I matriculated as a freshman, being twenty-six years old. I chose majors in English and History, having a subconscious hunch that I might become a minister someday. When I made extra good grades, the lack of some high school credits was purposely overlooked by the registrar. That year was especially hard for Hattie with the two small children.

In the spring we got a call from father. He had traded for a farm again, this time near Middleville. He was nearing seventy years of age. He held very lightly the value of a college education. Would we come and help him? Then he fell through a scaffold in the barn and broke an ankle. We responded to his call, for we thought that we should. He said that it would all be mine, like he had said before. So we loaded the hay rack again, going to his farm for a team. Then we put some more mars on our poor furnishings by driving the load nearly thirty miles over the dirt and gravel roads to the farm.

In fairness to father I should add that the move lifted for a time the maintenance problem of our growing family, though we went reluctantly. I do not know what else we could have done. Another baby was on the way.

Father rented a house in Middleville and came out to the farm every day. I tried to gather my thoughts as I followed

the plow and milked the cows, but I was unable to resolve my unsettled mind. Two opposite ideas were struggling for dominance within me. One was the farm conception of making a living and the other the lure of an ideal of service and the desire for an education to make it possible. I was in the valley of decision. Time was fleeting. Would I be shunted off now to what promised to be but a living! The lure of the ideal could not be suppressed.

Our third and last child was born on that Middleville farm. We named her Ada, after my long deceased mother. The sweetness and beauty of her life for its forty-one years brought immeasurable satisfaction and joy to us.

Father and I were too much alike anyway to have our farm relations last very long. At the end of the second harvest season, a small incident was enough to trigger the break. I was paid five hundred dollars for the nearly two years of work. It was by far the largest sum we had ever had. Father traded again for Grand Rapids income property and for years afterward kept himself busy repairing and enlarging apartments for people who were crowding into the city. Hattie and the children moved in with her parents on their farm, all their children having grown-up and gone away except the youngest. I packed off to Western to pick up my courses where I had left them off. I rented an unfurnished room at a distance from the college, where the rent was cheaper. I boarded myself, using an oil stove both for heating and cooking. On Friday nights I returned to my family and helped my father-in-law with his work on Saturdays. Hattie did the housework while her mother taught school. Such was the program that made possible my graduation. I then had a life certificate to teach in the public schools of Michigan. I was to return for several summers to Western to take additional courses. Such was the long, drawnout struggle of pulling away from the farm tradition of my ancestors as a way of life. Hattie was a true helpmeet in that struggle, as always.

That fall, on the recommendation of Western Michigan University, I was invited by the school board to be the Superintendent of the Wayland school system. Wayland was Hattie's home-town, and where she had gone to high

school. With several primary grades they had a four-year high school of one hundred students. Our salary for the first year was nine hundred dollars. We paid twenty dollars a month for house rent.

The following summer we bought our first auto, a Ford touring car with a crank in front for starting—and—kicking. It cost \$360. Cars were not yet driven there in the winter. The roads were “opened” for sleighs, and those tracks were too narrow for automobiles. Anyway there was no anti-freeze or tire chains, and, who could start a Ford in cold weather then, without lots of hot water? So we blocked up the wheels and stored the car for winter. We also bought a piano so that we could have some hymn-sings around it. It was our first luxury item for the house.

In 1918 came the epidemic of the influenza. The schools were closed in the late fall for about six weeks. Death seemed to strike most everywhere. I helped the undertaker at times when he could not be at two places at once. The disease struck our family. I was the first, and one-by-one the others came down with it. In rushing my convalescence in order to help the others, and going out to hang up wet clothing in the wind, I then came down with pneumonia. I was not the only one that thought I might die. I prayed to live. When I was able to get up onto my wobbly legs and go to the high school, I related at the assembly my experience and my desire to serve God better. Theodore Roosevelt was quoted as having said that he wanted to leave the world better than he found it. That was my resolve and prayer. Many of the students had lost classmates, relatives or friends during the awful epidemic so it was not “queer” to speak thus of a Christian faith and purpose; and besides, such was not *then* considered to be against the constitution.

As our children grew and after our influenza experience, the church meant more and more to us. We were ready to consider the challenge of definite full-time Christian service. Then one day, unexpected, Dr. J. C. Willits, District Superintendent of the Niles District of the Methodist Church, asked me to take the pastorate of the Edwardsburg Methodist Church in Cass county, near the southern border of the state. Hattie and I were thirty-five years old and the chil-

dren's ages were twelve, ten and eight. I had not had any theological training, only I was well-acquainted with the Bible. My six years of school administration experience would help some. It was like starting all over again. As I see it now, a lot of things had been adding up toward my preparation for the Christian ministry.

Chapter 17

We Walk by Faith

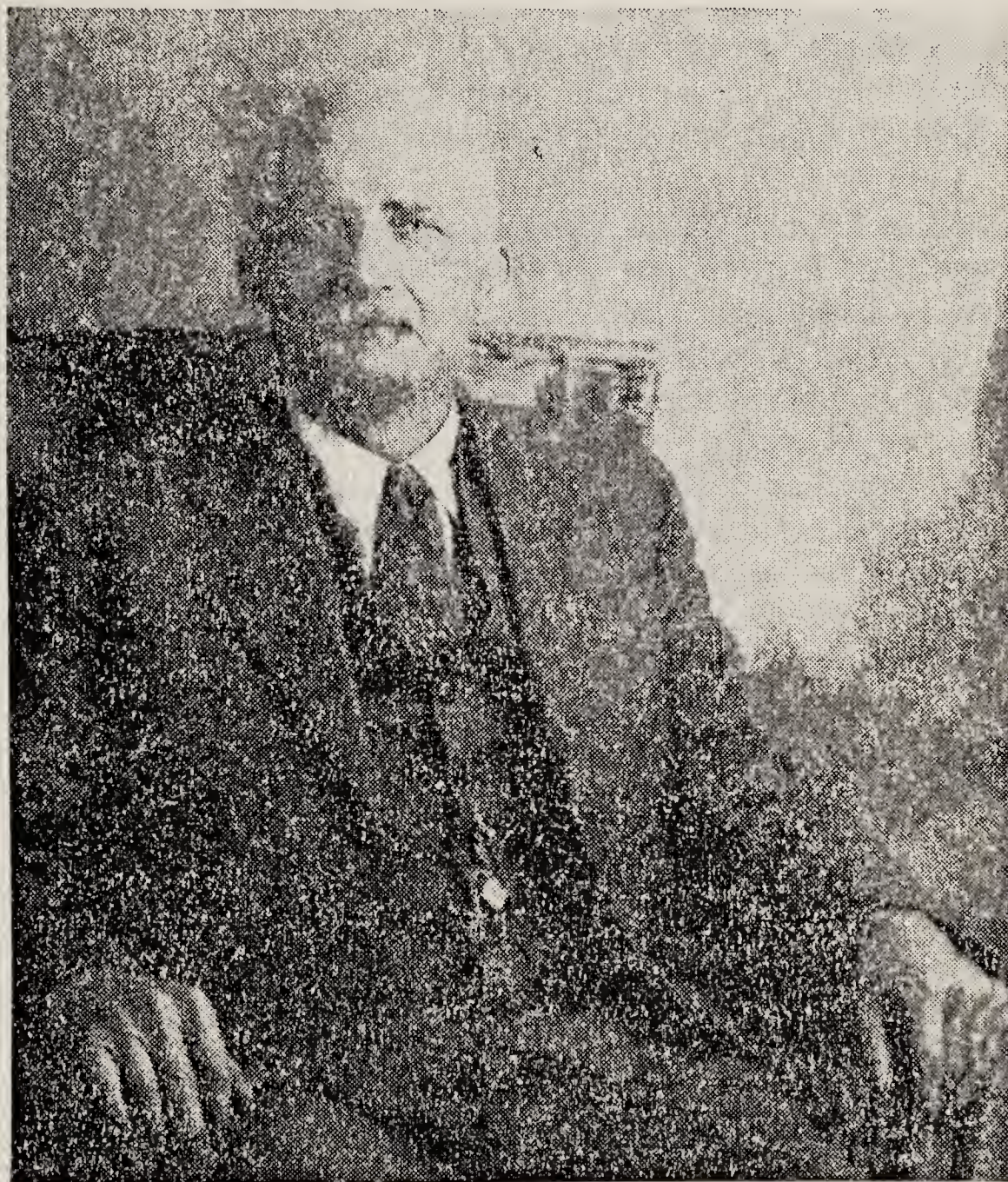
I shall not here relate the interesting story of my thirty-seven years of active Christian ministry in the Methodist Church, for that would take a book itself. Such is not the purpose of this record. I simply will state the principles that shaped this ministry, the historic changes of the times and our general family record.

At Edwardsburg, at once two things were decided upon. First we would have family devotions, with the children about us, every day; and second, that we would tithe our income for the Lord's work. We then and there determined by the help of God that we would practice what we preached and walk by faith and not by sight only. These practices proved to be profitable in every way through all the years.

The previous pastor had been ill for a long time and he had resigned because of his ill health. A radical tongues group had taken over in that church. Their noisy cottage prayer meetings were the gossip of the town. This problem drove us to our knees for guidance. By searching of the scriptures, careful preaching and pastoral calling, sanity was restored and the church strengthened. This was the first proof of our calling.

As we had begun this pastorate in June at the close of the school year, the summer financial response of the church, as usual, was slim and slow. The adjustment of moving and the necessary expense of our growing family, caused our savings to dwindle alarmingly. It was at the low point when Satan appeared in the person of a bland life insurance official. He said, "We will help you to double your salary". The idea was that I could sell life insurance to our friends and church members. He kept track of struggling preachers on the hard-scrabble charges.

While we were on this mountain of temptation, considering where our bread would come from, we received a letter from a young woman, a member of our church, who lived and worked in Elkhart, Indiana. She had enclosed her tithe



NELSON DRAKE
at 77 years of age

money of thirty-five dollars for her pastor. This evidence of a young woman's faith in God's sustaining care, encouraged us greatly. Soon, one evening, our yard was filled with cars and our church people surprised us by bringing in arm loads of produce, and staples bought at the stores. They filled our dining room with these provisions. After

we had enjoyed the evening with them and had sung some gospel songs, I read from the New Testament about the lilies, that were clothed better than King Solomon in all his glory, and of the birds, which God fed and the words, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all things, but seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you". And so our faith was sustained, and through all the years He has not failed us, rather our cup has run over.

The prohibition amendment had become law. Then along the state line sprang up plenty of road-houses and liquor stills. Reports came to us about the moral problems within our parish. Not able to get enforcement from our county officials, I appealed to the State Police, and gave them plenty of information. Then things began to happen. Some road-houses were padlocked, stills were destroyed and rum-runners began to run. One morning before daylight there was an explosion that shook our parsonage. It was a stick of dynamite thrown against our garage door, doing considerable damage. We got plenty of unwanted newspaper publicity, and advice that a preacher should stick to the Gospel. Hattie feared for my safety when I was out at night and some thought that the church might be burned down. However nothing worse happened. The decent people of the community rallied around us and the church prospered.

Our eleven-year-old son Oliver had a paper route. One Saturday evening I found him feeding his change into a slot machine in a store. He was hoping for the jack pot. Knowing the ropes, I again notified the State Police, giving them the location of these one-armed bandits, which were in most of the stores. Four big, uniformed policemen came into town and took all of those machines and smashed them to bits in an alley. Oliver came home from school with some of the pieces to show me.

It was here also that we met the Klu Klux Klan, that was active over the nation at that time. Groups of men met at night in a back field. Some renegade preacher would make an address. They would lambast the Catholics, Jews and negroes, rake in the ten dollar bills, and burn a cross. I went just once to see what was going on, standing with a friend

on the outside of the crowd. I did not see any pillow cases over heads. They solicited the support of ministers. A group of Klansmen attended our evening service one Sunday and put dollar bills in the collection. However, they received no recognition. I felt rather that it was a great privilege in those fanatical times to preach the gospel of Christian brotherhood.

The first radio transmitters were just then breaking through the ether. Crude receivers were put together by most every mechanically-minded man or boy. At Edwardsburg I assembled our first radio from a variety of parts. It had three or four dials and had ear phones. Like others we sat up late logging as many distant stations as we could, and then bragging about it. It added wonder even to our faith in God and in prayer.

We were sent to the Hubbardston Circuit in Ionia county, where we stayed eight years, a long pastorate for those days. One Friday, Oliver came home from high school with a pain in his stomach. We put him to bed, gave him castor oil and a hot water-bottle—the worst things we could have done. Late the next day he rapidly grew worse. The village doctor said promptly, “Appendix. Hospital at once”. We took him that evening in an ambulance over twenty miles of rough road to St. Johns. There the efficient Chinese Doctor Foo said, “Bursting appendix”. While they operated I silently prayed in the corridor. In my distress there flashed into my mind the words, “If Thou art willing”, the words of our Lord at Gethsemane. Could I pray them now and trust the case wholly into the hands of our Heavenly Father? I could, and did. Then there came a peace to me that I had never experienced before. I knew somehow that everything was all right, though I did not know how the operation would result. I could just trust God. After that sleepless night of my Gethsemane, I preached the next evening at the Fowler church, out of the overflow of confidence and thanksgiving. I knew then that the Lord had a work ahead for Oliver to do.

It was from Hubbardston that our three children went to college, each graduating in turn. Oliver then went on to Boston University for his theological training. Because of

our very limited financial ability, each of them had to work to help meet the expense. In the summer they also found employment. Florence waited on table at Mackinac Island and at Bay View; Oliver worked on farms, and Ada mowed lawns, delivered milk and raised chickens. It was a time when scholarships were few and far between.

During this period in the thirties the Great Depression struck. My salary as pastor was cut \$700, because the people of the parish had lost jobs and money. We borrowed on our life insurance policies to the limit and cashed our War Bonds at a discount of 20% in order to keep the children in college. And so it was that they did not miss any school time. It seemed to us to be a miracle of God.

Florence, the oldest, was the first to graduate. Though she had an A.B. degree, employment for her was very difficult in 1933. For that first year she taught a one-room district school, having thirty pupils of all grades, the wages being thirty dollars a month. Such was the lack of employment opportunity at that time. The next year she married a Hubbardston young man by the name of Walter White. He found employment at the Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Ionia. This work, which seemed at first to be not too desirable, later developed for him into an increasingly responsible position. Florence for the past twenty-five years has been, and is, teaching mathematics in the Ionia Schools. Their three sons, now all college or university trained, are launching into responsible and valuable service careers, and all have families of their own.

Oliver for the past twenty years has been, and is, a pastor of the Methodist Church in the Boston area. More than half of that time has been at the Broadway Methodist Church in Lynn, Massachusetts. A broadening vista of service is opening before him. It was my opportunity to spend a month with him in Europe and in the Holy Land in 1961. His son, David, now twenty-two, is already an officer in the Air Force of the U.S. Navy. He is looking forward to a career in that division. Oliver's daughter, Susan, is just beginning her college course at Boston University. Oliver first met his wife, Marjorie Piggot Drake, while he was a university student and while serving part-time as a pastor's

assistant in a Presbyterian church. She is an ideal pastor's wife.

Ada, our youngest, became a primary teacher. She taught a few years in Muskegon Heights, then because of a chronic cough she had had since childhood, she went to Arizona to teach. Here she met and married Arthur Brosius, a World War II soldier (M.P.). After the war they settled at Roswell, New Mexico, where she taught in the primary departments of the public school and of the Methodist Church, until her last illness in 1954. Their two children, Rebecca and Joe, now in their early teens, by the leadership and encouragement of their Christian parents (a fine step-mother, Eva Brosius, taking the place of Ada in the home) are already setting their sights for trained and useful lives. The church and Christian service has been dominant in the lives of our children. The loss of Ada was the deepest sorrow of our lives. She was but forty-one years old. Already the Womans Society of Christian Service had honored her by making her a Life Member. A bronze plaque, in the primary room of the new Roswell Methodist Church, honors her years of service there to the little children of the church. Her body now sleeps in the lone prairie at Roswell, N.M.

These paragraphs about the children of our personal family are purposely made brief out of deference to the other worthy members of the third generation of Nelson Drake. My living at a distance from their families and my limited personal knowledge of them precludes more than a bare mention. However I have included them in the Supplement, with notations.

One January day in 1935 word came from Grand Rapids of the serious illness of my father, Nelson Drake. He had just nicely passed his ninetieth birthday, January seventh. He had apparently been in good health. He had gone out onto the porch of his house while in his shirt sleeves to direct a driver who had brought a load of fuel. A very cold wind was blowing and he caught cold. Pneumonia soon set in. We hurried to his bedside only to hear him speak his last words before the coma sealed his lips. Characteristically he was trying to joke, for he did not realize how soon the curtain of his consciousness would be drawn. It was an old

war-time expression that I had often heard him use. "I am going up smoke", he said, and then could speak no more. After the funeral service by his pastor, we took the long cold drive to Custer and laid his body beside the grave of our mother, Ada Estella Drake. As his casket was lowered into the frozen ground, I spoke the words of the burial committal, "Dust to dust...looking for the life to come through Jesus Christ, our Lord.", while the drifting snow blew into our faces in the gathering darkness of the winter night.

Our step-mother, Mary Drake, had died in 1919. At the age of seventy-nine father had married again, for the fifth time. This wife was Lydia Ruggles, a widow, and fifty-six years old. She survived him. He had lived in Grand Rapids, on Scribner Avenue for twenty-five years.

My twin sister, Florence, divorced her husband in 1919, the year our step-mother died. Then for about three years she kept the house for father, until her second marriage to Fred Diener. They then lived next door to him, where, until the end of father's life, she ministered to his comfort in many ways. They delighted in taking father and his wife on long drives to the old places where he had lived, and to brief visits with his relatives. So his last years were comfortable and pleasant years. Florence, always in speaking of him, called him affectionately, "My pa".

Chapter 18

Serving the Elderly

While I was pastor of the Methodist church at Gladwin, Michigan, I received word that I was being considered for the superintendency of The M. J. Clark Memorial Home for the Aged at Grand Rapids. After forty years of growth and development, this institution of the Methodist Church, was then providing a home for one hundred older persons. The possibility of having such a responsibility was farthest from my mind. However it became a reality with my appointment by Bishop Raymond J. Wade at the annual session of the Michigan Conference, meeting in Lansing in June of 1944. For the next fifteen years until my retirement in June, 1959, I was in charge of Clark Home.

During these years several large modern buildings were built there at a cost of considerably over one million dollars, without cost to the churches. I hasten to say that the credit belongs to the fine group of the official members of the Clark Home Board. These new accommodations trebled the capacity of this fine institution for the life care of older people. Among these additions was a beautiful colonial style chapel. Also building plans were completed for a modern nursing hospital, which was built in 1960. Now, over three hundred thirty residents are accommodated and the Home is rated as one of the best among over one hundred such Homes belonging to the Methodist Church in the United States.

It was my privilege during those fifteen years to receive 525 older persons into life membership of Clark Home. Most of them were beyond the age of eighty years. Many had found themselves in situations not too different, and certainly as distressing, as that situation in which George and Sarah Drake, my paternal grandparents, had found themselves when they were wrenched apart after fifty-five years of living together. In such a ministry we found great happiness.

We believe that this opportunity to so serve, was providential. How wonderful it is to open the gracious doors of a fine church Home to worthy aged people in the time of their greatest need, and to make it possible that these folks, who have made their contribution of service, that they might live their last years in happiness and peace, unseparated except by death, and to be loved and wanted!

*A lovely room, a rocking chair,
Warmth for old bones, clean clothes to wear;
A reading lamp, a soft white bed,
A pillow for my weary head;
Sufficient good, plain food to eat,
A little love, some friends to greet;
A shining faith, some useful task —
Dear Lord, is this too much to ask?*

Alice McKenzie Swain

Some recognitions came along with this joyous task of serving older people at Clark Home. To be elected by the Michigan Conference, representing about 450 Methodist churches, as one of the nine trustees of the Conference, was to me a great honor. For twelve years I served in this capacity. In 1957 the National Association of Hospitals and Homes of the Methodist Church, comprising more than two hundred institutions of the church, elected me as Secretary of their National Convention for the year. This was an honor given to crown my approaching, required retirement because of age. One other experience that meant much to me was to be chosen as president of the Ministerial Association of the City of Grand Rapids. I had always considered myself as one of the least of them, because I had only served in the village churches before coming to the city. These things are a part of the overflow of the cup mentioned in Psalm Twenty-Three.

I hope the reader will bear with me for one more personal paragraph. It is about the occasion of our retirement. A surprise banquet was given to myself and wife at the First Methodist Church in Grand Rapids. More than two hundred people attended, including many pastors, laymen and

people from Clark Home. One board member of the Home personally paid for the whole expense of the evening. Bishop and Mrs. Marshall R. Reed came up from Detroit especially for the occasion, he to make the address. He has always had a wonderful personal interest in his ministers. A framed scroll was given to us, inscribed with many nice things about our service of fifteen years at Clark Home. Along with the scroll was a gift check of \$5,000. This splendid expression of regard and courtesy was overwhelming to us. We will remember and cherish it as long as we are privileged to live.

It is not and it was not my intention to focus this family story on myself, much as I seem to have done so. I hope, rather, that this account in its entirety will honor our forefathers and their families from whose line, by descent we have come into the freedom, citizenship and Christian culture of this great state and nation.

*High was homage senators paid
To the plumed conquerors of old;
But our undaunted pioneers
Have conquests more enduring won
In scattering the night of years
And opening the forest to the sun.*

Wm. Hosmer.

GENEALOGY SUPPLEMENT

Complete to July 1963 for Generations Nine to Thirteen.

Genealogical and Early Historical Sources:

- Bolton's History of Westchester county, N.Y. Appendix p. 514
Abridged Compendium of Amer. Genealogy — First families of America
Council of Appointments — Military Record of State of N.Y.
Biography of Samuel Gardner Drake in New Eng. Genealogical Register
Vol. 17, p. 197f
New York and the Revolution
Wills of Westchester County, N.Y., 1664-1684
New York Historical Assoc., Vol. 24, p. 164
New York Genealogical & Biographical Record, Vol. 37, p. 91
Westchester County and Its People, Vol. 1, p. 256
Univ. of State of New York, Educ. Dept., New York State Library,
Albany.
Wayne County, New York, Division of Archives, Lyons, N.Y.
National Archives, Washington, D.C.
Canal Society of New York, Syracuse, N.Y.
History of Wayne County, N.Y.
History of Connecticut by Hollister, Chap. 1
Michigan Historical Collection, Vol. 24
Representative Men of Michigan, p. 45-46
Rev. Reuben Drake of Marlboro, Ulster county, N.Y. — from family
records by research of Albert Johnson, Harlem, Montana.
U.S. Census — 1790 — Ulster county, N.Y.
1850 — Ingham & Jackson counties, Mich.
Other miscellaneous sources found in libraries; Michigan State, Detroit
Public Library, Bay View, and Orlando, Fla. City Library. Also
from county histories and public records, Lansing, Ingham and
Mason counties of Michigan.

DRAKE GENEALOGY — SECTION I

The First Nine Generations: Line of descent in capitals.

GENERATION I

JOHN DRAKE of Windsor, Conn. (Born in Eng. 1590; d. Windsor, Conn.
1659)

Came to Boston with his family in 1630. Part of original settlement
in Windsor, Conn. in 1636.

GENERATION II

Children of JOHN DRAKE of Windsor and ELIZABETH ROGERS DRAKE. She lived to be 100 years old. She died 10-7-1681 at Windsor.

CHILDREN

John

Job

Jacob

SAMUEL b. in Eng. abt. 1612

Elizabeth

Mary

GENERATION III

Children of SAMUEL DRAKE and ANN BARLOW DRAKE. Samuel Drake and family left Windsor, Conn. about 1650 and removed to Fairfield on the Connecticut coast. In 1663 when Dutch evacuated New York City, he moved his family to Westchester county, N.Y. Was one of the original settlers of the village of Eastchester. He is therefore known as Samuel Drake of Fairfield and Westchester.

CHILDREN

John

JOSEPH b. 1663 in Eastchester, N.Y.

Rebecca

Samuel Jr.

Hannah

Mary

GENERATION IV

Children of JOSEPH DRAKE and MARY SHUTE DRAKE. He lived in Eastchester all of his life. He died in 1732. Was an officer in New York Militia in 1700.

CHILDREN

Jasper

Joseph

Mary

Sarah

Ann

SAMUEL b. 1687

GENERATION V

Children of SAMUEL DRAKE and MARY FOWLER DRAKE. They lived at Fox Meadow, Scarsdale, Westchester county, N.Y. He died in 1774. He is known as Samuel Drake of Scarsdale, N.Y.

CHILDREN

Gilbert, member of New York State General Assembly.

Samuel Jr. (M.D.) Colonel in the Revolutionary War.

Benjamin, served in the Revolutionary War.

Uriah

REUBEN b. 1745

Peter

Isaac

Sarah

Jeremiah, believed to have served in the Revolutionary War.

GENERATION VI

Children of REUBEN DRAKE and PHOEBE DRAKE.

He is reported to have been the pastor of a Baptist church at Pleasant Valley, near Marlboro, Ulster county, N.Y. He died at Pleasant Valley in 1794.

CHILDREN

Cornelius, served in latter part of Revolutionary War and in War of 1812-14.

WILLIAM b. abt. 1767

Rachel	Joshua
Joseph	Reuben Jr.
Moses	John
Charity	

GENERATION VII

Children of WILLIAM DRAKE and (wife's name not found). He served in the latter part of the Revolutionary War in the artillery. He enlisted in New York City. His name appears on the report of Capt. George Fleming's Company of Col. John Lamb's regiment of artillery, Aug. 28, 1779. It is believed that he afterwards served in the state Militia, rising to the rank of Colonel. He took up Bounty Lands, being awarded Lot 37 in Township 11, now Romulus township, Seneca county. The date is July 7, 1790. Amt. of land, 600 acres, the amount awarded to Colonels. He arrived in Lyons, N.Y. in 1812. His home had been in Newburgh, N.Y.

CHILDREN

Reuben	b. abt. 1786	d. at Cameron, N.Y. in 1854
JOHN	b. abt. 1787	d. 1827 at Volney, N.Y.
William Jr.	b. abt. 1790	d. 1826 at Lyons, N.Y.
James	b. 1894	d. 1834 at Lyons, N.Y.

GENERATION VIII

Children of JOHN DRAKE and SARAH DRAKE (Called Sally). They appear to have come to Lyons with his father's family in 1812, to Lyons, N.Y., where they lived to the end of life. He was a contractor in the building of the Erie Canal. He died, presumably by accident while working on a canal in Oswego county, at Volney, N.Y. on Oct. 29, 1827.

CHILDREN

Fannie	b. 1810	m. Penuel Lambright. To Mich. in 1838.
Emeline	b. Feb. 4, 1811	m. Marvin Geer. To Mich. in 1836.
GEORGE	b. Dec. 10, 1815	To Mich. in 1838. m. Sarah Powell.
Sarah	b. July 10, 1818	To Mich. 1838. m. Andrew Townsend.
James & Ann Eliza	born before 1820. No further information.	
Hannah	b. May 12, 1822.	See Page 61

NOTE: George Drake believed himself to be one year older; U.S. Census, at marriage and grave stone.

GENERATION IX

Children of GEORGE DRAKE and SARAH POWELL DRAKE of Dansville, Mich. In Oct. 1838 he bought 80 acres of land from Marvin Geer in Ingham township, Ingham county, Mich. All their children were born there.

CHILDREN

Cornelia	b. 9-13-1841	Twice married. No children. Died at age 76.
Sarah Jane	b. 6-25-1843	Died before her seventh year.
NELSON	b. 1- 7-1845	
MARY ETTA	b. 1-20-1847	
Cordelia	b. 8-20-1849	m. John Nason. Only child died at 12 years.
MARTHA	b. 12-20-1851	
KATIE	b. 2-27-1854	
Jennie	b. 8-20-1859	She died at age 21 years at Custer, Mich.
John	b. 1-20-1864	d. 1896 No child survived.

Detailed genealogy of Nelson, Mary Etta, Martha and Katie follow in sections II, III, IV, and V, respectively.

Note: In the period just after the Revolutionary War when families were on the move to new homes in the West, definite and complete data of births and marriages are difficult or impossible to find.

GENEALOGY — SECTION II

The descendents of NELSON DRAKE (1845-1935)

NOTE: In sections II to V each name is given a consecutive number in the order in which the name appears in the record. The numbers in parentheses and names in capitals designate parents with their children listed. To trace a family follow the individual's number forward, or the parent's number backward. The small type number to the right of a name or family list indicates the generation from John Drake of Windsor.

- (1) NELSON DRAKE,⁹ son of George Drake and Sarah Powell Drake of Dansville, Mich. b. Jan. 5, 1845 at Dansville. Served in the Union Army of the Civil War, 1864-65. m. ADA ESTELLA WARD of Chesaning, Mich. Took up soldier's Claim of 160 acres of land in Mason County, Michigan. Died at Grand Rapids, Mich. 1-28-1935 at age of 90 yrs. Ada Ward Drake died at Custer, 5-7-1889.

CHILDREN¹⁰

2. Clarence Lorenzo b. 9-17-1878 fam. fol.
3. Florence Ada (twin) b. 2-17-1888 fam. fol.
4. Floyd Nelson (twin) b. 2-17-1888 fam. fol.

- (2) CLARENCE L. DRAKE, son of Nelson Drake (1) and Ada Ward Drake of Custer, b. Sept. 17, 1878 at Custer Mich. m. HELEN BRADLEY of Charlotte, Mich. He owned farms in Eaton county and in Montcalm county. He is a retired farmer and they live at Townline Lake near Lakeview, Mich.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|--|
| 5. Walter | b. 6-24-1902 | Never married. He is a day laborer and lives near Stanton, Mich. |
| 6. Merlin | b. 7- 8-1904 | fam. fol. |
| 7. Dorothy | b. 7- 5-1905 | fam. fol. |
| 8. Arthur Carroll | b. 8-22-1908 | fam. fol. |
| 9. Howard | b. 8-10-1916 | fam. fol. |
| 10. Warren | b. 10- 2-1919 | He died 1-9-37 from a hunting accident at Vestaburg, Mich. |

- (3) FLORENCE ADA DRAKE, daughter of Nelson Drake (1) and Ada Ward Drake. b. Feb. 17, 1888 at Custer, Mich. m. WILLIAM LEAR of Charlotte, Mich. He was a barber. Divorced. 2/m to Fred Diener of Grand Rapids, who died at St. Cloud, Florida 1-17-62. Mrs. Diener lives in Grand Rapids and in St. Cloud, Fla.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|----------------|-----------|-----------|
| 11. Floyd Lear | b. 1-9-07 | fam. fol. |
|----------------|-----------|-----------|

- (4) FLOYD NELSON DRAKE, son of Nelson Drake (1) and Ada Ward Drake. b. Feb. 17, 1888 at Custer, Mich. m. HATTIE REBECCA OLIVER of Wayland, Mich. Mr. Drake was a school teacher and then Minister of the Methodist Church. Now retired they live in St. Cloud, Fla.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------|-----------|
| 12. Florence May | b. 11- 6-10 | fam. fol. |
| 13. Francis Oliver | b. 2- 5-12 | fam. fol. |
| 14. Ada Hattie | b. 5-27-14 | fam. fol. |

- (6) MERLIN DRAKE,¹¹ son of Clarence L. Drake (2) and Helen Bradley Drake. b. July 8, 1904 in Eaton county, Mich. m. GERTRUDE LOVE of Lansing. Mr. Drake is a farmer and factory worker. They live at Lansing, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|------------------------|-------------|---|
| 15. Robert N. | b. 2- 9-25 | fam. fol. |
| 16. Calvin S. | b. 11-13-26 | m. Opal Darling. No children. He served in U.S. Army for 2 years. He is a factory worker. They live at Morrice, Mich. |
| 17. Harold L. | b. 8-10-28 | fam. fol. |
| 18. George E. | b. 1-29-30 | fam. fol. |
| 19. Delilah | b. 11- 2-33 | fam. fol. |
| 20. Patrick (adopted) | b. 4- 1-49 | |
| 21. Wanda L. (adopted) | b. 4-18-55 | |

- (7) DOROTHY DRAKE, daughter of Clarence L. Drake (2) and Helen Bradley Drake. b. July 5, 1905 in Eaton county, Mich. m. JOHN KELLOGG of Charlotte, Mich. Divorce. 2/m Alvin Husted who died in 1925. 3/m Myron Schlott. They live in Lansing, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|------------------|------------|------------------|
| 22. Dale Kellogg | b. 1-27-26 | by 1/m fam. fol. |
|------------------|------------|------------------|

- (8) ARTHUR CARROLL DRAKE, son of Clarence L. Drake (2) and Helen Bradley. b. Aug. 2, 1908. 1/m Zelma Smallwood. She died 10-23-29. 2/m BETHEL PIXLEY. Divorce. 3/m RUBY NEVINS. Divorce. 4/m Margaret Hipster. Ruby Nevins Drake lives in Lansing.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|--------|-----------|
| 23. Arthur Carroll II | b. 8- 2-31 | by 2/m | fam. fol. |
| 24. Darlene P. | b. 12-22-32 | by 2/m | fam. fol. |
| 25. Bruce A. | b. 9-15-36 | by 3/m | fam. fol. |
| 26. Clare O. | b. 1-22-38 | by 3/m | fam. fol. |
| 27. Melvin | b. 2- 5-42 | by 3/m | |

- (9) HOWARD DRAKE, son of Clarence L. Drake (2) and Helen Bradley Drake. b. Aug. 10, 1916 in Eaton county, Mich. m. JOSEPHINE WILSON of Vestaburg, Mich. Mr. Drake is a graduate of Mich. State Univ. He is a factory worker. They live at Vestaburg.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------|----------------------------|
| 28. Mary Ellen | b. 1-10-42 | fam. fol. |
| 29. Martha Marie | b. 10-24-43 | A student at Alma College. |
| 30. Wilson Warren | b. 2- 7-45 | |
| 31. Christine Jo | b. 8- 8-47 | |
| 32. Phillip Howard | b. 4- 9-52 | |
| 33. David William | b. 7-31-55 | |

- (11) FLOYD LEAR, son of Florence Drake Lear (3) and William Lear. b. Jan. 9, 1907 at Pottersville, Mich. m. LORETTA MOONEY. He is a graduate of Western Mich. Univ. and is a teacher. He lives in Grand Rapids. Divorced.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|---------------------|------------|-------------------------------------|
| 34. Patricia Eileen | b. 3-30-38 | fam. fol. |
| 35. James Floyd | b. 8- 2-40 | Graduate of Cent. Mich. Univ. 1963. |

- (12) FLORENCE MAY DRAKE, daughter of Floyd N. Drake (4) and Hattie Oliver Drake. b. Nov. 6, 1910 at Bradley, Mich. m. WALTER WHITE of Hubbardston, Mich. She is a graduate of Taylor Univ. and a school teacher at Ionia, Mich. Mr. White works at the Ionia State Hospital. They live at Ionia.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------|-----------|
| 36. William Floyd | b. 8-17-34 | fam. fol. |
| 37. Bernard | b. 9- 4-35 | fam. fol. |
| 38. Benjamin | b. 9-25-36 | fam. fol. |

- (13) FRANCIS OLIVER DRAKE, son of Floyd N. Drake (4) and Hattie Oliver Drake. b. Feb. 5, 1912 at Hickory Corners, Mich. m. MARJORIE PIGGOTT of Boston, Mass. He is a graduate of Taylor Univ. and Boston Univ. He is a minister of the Methodist Church. They live in Lynn, Mass.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|-----------|-------------|--|
| 39. David | b. 12-26-38 | m. Susanne Billings of Lynn, Mass. He is a naval cadet. They live at Warwick, R.I. |
| 40. Susan | b. 3-20-45 | A student at Boston Univ. |

- (14) ADA HATTIE DRAKE, dau. Floyd N. Drake (4) and Hattie Oliver Drake. b. May 27, 1914 at Middleville, Mich. m. ARTHUR BROSIUS of Globe, Ariz. Graduate of Eastern Michigan University. She was a school teacher. She died 10-13-55 at Roswell, N.M. Her husband remarried and the family lives at Roswell, N.M.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 41. Rebecca Belle | b. 9-10-46 |
| 42. Joe Floyd | b. 3-11-50 |

- (15) ROBERT N. DRAKE,¹² son of Merlin Drake (6) and Gertrude Love Drake. b. Feb. 9, 1925. m. VERA M. WOOD. Mr. Drake is an army career man, with seventeen years of service, to 1963. They live in Presidio, California.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 43. Vickie Jean | b. 5-28-47 |
| 44. Lynn Marie | b. 9-18-53 |
| 45. Lori Sue | b. 6- 8-60 |
| 46. Robert Merlin | b. 7- 1-62 |

- (17) HAROLD L. DRAKE, son of Merlin Drake (6) and Gertrude Love Drake. b. Aug. 10, 1928. m. CAROLE DARGITZ. Mr. Drake is a factory worker in Lansing. He served 2½ years in the Korean War. They live in Lansing.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 47. Cynthia Kay | b. 6-21-55 |
| 48. Timothy Harold | b. 12-22-56 |
| 49. Nancy Carole | b. 8-29-60 |

- (18) GEORGE E. DRAKE, son of Merlin Drake (6) and Gertrude Love Drake. b. Jan. 29, 1930. m. BARBARA CRANDALL of Lansing. He served 4 years in the U.S. Air Force. He is a factory worker. They live in Lansing.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|---------------|-----------|
| 50. George II | b. 2-2-55 |
| 51. Donald | b. 8-5-57 |

- (19) DELILAH DRAKE, dau. of Merlin Drake (6) and Gertrude Love Drake. b. Nov. 2, 1933 at Lansing, Mich. m. CECIL LANGENFELD of Lansing. He served 3 years in U.S. Marines. He is book-keeper. They live in Lansing.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|---------------------|------------|
| 52. Sharon Marie | b. 9- 8-57 |
| 53. Susan Elizabeth | b. 5-31-59 |
| 54. Mary Katherine | b. 1-14-63 |

- (22) DALE KELLOGG, son of Dorothy Drake Kellogg (7) and John Kellogg. b. Jan. 27, 1926 at Grand Rapids, Mich. m. LEA MAY BASSETT. He served 2 years in World War II. He is a plumber. They live at Bath, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|----------------------|------------|
| 55. Kathleen Marie | b. 9- 4-47 |
| 56. Sandra Kay | b. 8-27-48 |
| 57. Michael Lee | b. 8- 5-50 |
| 58. William Bradford | b. 2-24-52 |

- (23) ARTHUR CARROLL DRAKE II, son of Arthur Carroll Drake (8) and Bethel Pixley Drake. b. Aug. 2, 1931. m. MABEL PHYLLIS FRITH. He served in the U.S. Army 3½ years. His work is plastic tooling. They live at Nashville, Mich.
CHILDREN¹³
- 59. Arthur Carroll III b. 4- 7-53
 - 60. David Gail b. 5-16-55
 - 61. Ross Arnold b. 5-29-56
 - 62. Mary Ellen b. 5-22-58
 - 63. Roger Ashley b. 9-16-62
 - 64. Debra Ann b. 10- 8-63
- (24) DARLENE P. DRAKE, dau. of Arthur Carroll Drake (8) and Bethel Pixley Drake. b. Dec. 22, 1932 at Lansing, Mich. m. LUMAN C. GROCE. Mr. Groce is a U.S. Air Force career man with eleven years of service so far, mostly in foreign countries.
CHILDREN¹³
- 65. Ronald Lu b. 7-24-53
 - 66. Laura Marie b. 1-21-55
 - 67. Brian Charles b. 1-11-56
 - 68. Mark Stephen b. 10-13-57
 - 69. Linda Darlene b. 12-18-58
- (25) BRUCE A. DRAKE, son of Arthur Carroll Drake (8) and Ruby Nevins Drake. b. Sept. 15, 1936. m. JOYCE MARIE McNATT. Mr. Drake works for the Olds. Co. in Lansing. He served 2 years in the U.S. Army. His wife is a registered nurse. They live in Lansing, Mich.
CHILDREN¹³
- 70. Wendy Joy b. 6-25-60
 - 71. Dawn Marie b. 7- 4-62
- (26) CLARE O. DRAKE, son of Arthur Carroll Drake (8) and Ruby Nevins Drake. b. Jan. 22, 1938. m. BARBARA L. FAY. He is a truck mechanic. They live in Lansing.
CHILDREN¹³
- 72. Steven Carl b. 10-7-59
 - 73. Christopher Brian b. 2-6-63
- (28) MARY ELLEN DRAKE, dau. of Howard Drake (9) and Josephine Wilson Drake b. Jan. 10, 1942 at Vestaburg, Mich. m. PHILLIP FOOKES. They live in Cincinnati, Ohio.
CHILDREN¹³
- 74. Heather Marie b. 12-28-62
- (34) PATRICIA EILEEN LEAR, dau. of Floyd Lear (11) and Loretta Mooney Lear. b. Mar. 3, 1938 in Alma, Mich. m. RAYMOND L. GORTON. They live in Flint, Mich.
CHILDREN¹³
- 75. Gregory Gerard b. 6-29-58
 - 76. Jill Michelle b. 11- 7-60
 - 77. Jacqueline Sue b. 12-21-61
 - 78. Jennifer Anne b. 5-13-63

- (36) WILLIAM F. WHITE, son of Florence Drake White (12) and Walter White b. Aug. 17, 1834 at Hubbardston, Mich. m. ELIZABETH ANN IRVING of St. Louis, Mo. He is a district supervisor for the Red Cross. She is a specialized teacher of speech. They live in Washington, Iowa. He was Pfc. in U.S. Army 2 years in West Germany.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 79. Drake Benjamin | b. 8-26-61 in Germany |
| 80. Jack Bernard | b. 4-12-63 |

- (37) BERNARD WHITE, son of Florence Drake White (12) and Walter White b. Sept. 4, 1935 in Portland, Mich. m. SHIRLEY BEGLEY of Hyden, Ky. He is a graduate of Ferris Institute and is a refrigeration mechanic. They live at Marshall, Mich. He was in U.S. Army 2 years stationed at Hawaii.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| 81. Walter Gordon | b. 4-10-61 |
| 82. Charles Allen | b. 10- 2-62 |

- (38) BENJAMIN WHITE, son of Florence Drake White (12) and Walter White. b. Sept. 25, 1936 at Portland, Mich. m. ANNAROSE BAESLER of Berlin, Germany. Mr. White is a graduate of the Univ. of Mich. and is a highway engineer. He works for the State of Mich. They live in Lansing, Mich. He was in U.S. Army 2 years in Berlin, Germany.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 83. Cynthia Florence | b. 5-9-59 in Berlin, Ger. |
| 84. Dianne | b. 7-7-60 in Ann Arbor |
| 85. Glenn Joseph | b. 12-3-61 in Ann Arbor |

GENEALOGY — SECTION III

The Descendents of MARY ETTA DRAKE (1847-1923)

- (1) MARY ETTA DRAKE⁹, dau. of George Drake and Sarah Powell Drake of Dansville, Mich. b. Jan. 20, 1847 at Dansville. m. JOHN BROWN of Dansville. He was a Civil War veteran on the Union side. He was born in Sodham, Cambridgeshire, England, 12-25-1844. He died while still a young man. 2/m WILLIAM RAE. They owned a large farm near Mason, Mich. Mr. Rae came to Michigan in 1854. She survived him by several years. She died at Mason, Mich. 5-13-1923.

CHILDREN¹⁰

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2. Jennie Ellinore Brown | b. 4-11-1868 fam. fol. |
| 3. Martha May Brown | b. 9-29-1871 fam. fol. |
| 4. Wilhemina Rae | b. 9- 3-1882 fam. fol. |
| 5. Roy Rae | b. 12- 3-1888 fam. fol. |

- (2) JENNIE ELLINORE BROWN, dau. of Mary Etta Drake Brown (1) and John Brown b. Apr. 11, 1868 at Dansville. m. IRA C.

HEWES of Dansville. He was a farmer. They lived near Dansville. She died 12-14-1925.

CHILDREN¹¹

- 6. Clarence Brown b. 3-25-1894 fam. fol.
- 7. Kenneth Etchelle b. 9-25-1903 fam. fol.

- (3) MARTHA MAY BROWN, dau. of Mary Etta Drake Brown (1) and John Brown. b. Sept. 29, 1871 at Dansville. m. JOHN WAUVLE of Dansville. He was a farmer and they lived near Mason, Mich. She survived her husband by several years and lived in the city of Mason. She died 5-13-1959.

CHILDREN¹¹

- 8. Ivan, born in 1901. He was a cripple from birth. He died 12-17-28 at the age of 27 years.

- (4) WILHEMINA RAE, dau. of Mary Etta Drake Rae (1) and William Rae. b. Sept. 3, 1882 at Dansville. m. ELMER A. BRAVENDER. He was a farmer and they lived near Dansville. They are now retired and live in the city of Mason, Mich.

CHILDREN¹¹

- 9. Gordon b. 12-11-1903 fam. fol.
- 10. Vivian b. 10-27-1906 m. Langley Rayner. No children. They live at Prescott, Arizona.
- 11. William b. 11- 1-1910 fam. fol.
- 12. Marion b. 2- 2-1914 fam. fol.
- 13. Agnes b. 10-10-1918 fam. fol.

- (5) ROY RAE, son of Mary Etta Drake Rae (1) and William Rae. b. Dec. 3, 1888 at Mason, Mich. m. KATHERINE ANDREWS. He is a retired farmer. They live in the city of Mason, Mich.

CHILDREN¹¹

- 14. Ethelyn Geneva b. 10- 8-1912 m. Jerome Stingley. No children. He is a mechanic. They live at Mason, Mich.
- 15. Evelyn Ruth b. 8-12-1915 fam. fol.
- 16. Robert William b. 2-18-1924 fam. fol.

- (6) CLARENCE BROWN HEWES¹¹, son of Jennie Brown Hewes (2) and Ira C. Hewes. b. Mar. 25, 1894. m. FLORENCE L. HUXTABLE. Mr. Hewes is a power plant engineer, retired. They live in Lansing, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

- 17. Justine Anne b. 1- 5-33 fam. fol.
- 18. Margaret Lorraine b. 3-12-34 fam. fol.

- (7) KENNETH E. HEWES, son of Jennie Brown Hewes (2) and Ira C. Hewes. b. Sept. 25, 1903 m. MABLE BIGLOW. Mr. Hewes works for the Auto Owners Insurance Co. They live in Lansing, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

- 19. Richard B. b. 5-31-34 fam. fol.

- (9) GORDON BRAVENDER, son of Wilhemina Rae Bravender (4) and Elmer A. Bravender. b. Dec. 11, 1903. m. VIOLET LUCILLE ARNDT. Mr. Bravender works for the White Motor Co. at Lansing. They live at Holt, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

20. Dennis Duane b. 6-21-52

- (11) WILLIAM BRAVENDER, son of Wilhemina Rae Bravender (4) and Elmer A. Bravender. b. Nov. 1, 1910. m. MARY RILEY. They live at Dansville, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

21. William D. b. 10-8-36 m. Janet Rae Briggs. No children. He is an investigator for the Consumers Power Co. He had service in the Mich. Nat'l. Guard. They live in Webberville, Mich.

22. Rosemary b. 4-1-40 fam. fol.

- (12) MARION BRAVENDER, dau. of Wilhemina Rae Bravender (4) and Elmer A. Bravender b. Feb. 2, 1914. m. FOREST C. HILL. He is a machinist. Mrs. Hill is a school teacher. They live at Mason, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

23. Mary Rae b. 11-21-44

24. Roger Elmer b. 8-19-46

25. Holly Ann b. 10-10-48

26. Jane (twin) b. 7-21-51

27. Jann (twin) b. 7-21-51

28. Katherine b. 3-29-54

- (13) AGNES BRAVENDER, dau. of Wilhemina Rae Bravender (4) and Elmer A. Bravender. b. Oct. 10, 1918. m. HUGH CORNER. Divorce. Mrs. Corner is a school teacher and lives in Mason, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

29. Jeffery Hugh b. 8-13-54

- (15) EVELYN RUTH RAE, dau. of Roy Ray (5) and Katherine Andrews Rae. b. Aug. 12, 1915 at Mason, Mich. m. GEORGE W. SOULE. He is a farmer near Mason, Mich. Evelyn died 9-24-54.

CHILDREN¹²

30. Leroy Rae b. 4- 1-34 fam. fol.

31. Larry George b. 7-10-38 fam. fol.

32. Linda Kay b. 5-16-42 fam. fol.

- (16) ROBERT RAE, son of Roy Rae (5) and Katherine Andrews Rae. b. Feb. 18, 1924. m. MARYON NOXON. He is a farmer and they live at Mason, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

33. Russell W. b. 10- 7-47

34. Nancy J. b. 10-18-48

35. Ronald A. b. 1-10-51

36. Susan M. b. 1-16-53

37. Sally Ann b. 9- 3-59

- (17) JUSTINE ANNE HEWES¹², dau. of Clarence B. Hewes (6) and Florence Huxtable Hewes. b. Jan. 5, 1933. m. DAVID CONRAY COEY. Both are university graduates. Mr. Coey is an attorney. They live in East Lansing, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|----------------|-----------|
| 38. David Ralf | b. 2-7-57 |
| 39. Kurt Todd | b. 5-7-58 |

- (18) MARGARET LORRAINE HEWES, dau. of Clarence B. Hewes (6) and Florence Huxtable Hewes. b. Mar. 12, 1934. m. CLOID HOWARD SMITH. Both are university graduates. He is a real estate broker. They live in Tucson, Arizona.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|--------------------|------------|
| 40. Dion Cloid | b. 7-29-58 |
| 41. Lorraine Marie | b. 9-19-60 |
| 42. Lisa Anne | b. 9-20-62 |

- (19) RICHARD B. HEWES, son of Kenneth E. Hewes (7) and Mabel Biglow Hewes. b. May 31, 1934. m. JACQUILINE KAY BROWN. He attended Central Michigan University. He is a salesman for the Confederation of Life Insurance Assoc. of Toronto, Canada. They live in Lansing, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 43. Steven Michael | b. 8-9-54 (twin) |
| 44. Robert Jeffery | b. 8-9-54 (twin) |
| 45. Andrew Thomas | b. 6-9-57 |

- (22) ROSEMARY BRAVENDER, dau. of William Bravender (11) and Mary Riley Bravender. b. Apr. 1, 1940. m. JAMES HENRY WEST. He is a molder at St. Regis Paper Co. He served 4 years in the U.S. Army Air Force as a paratrooper and medic. They live at Stockbridge, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 46. Lori Jo | b. 5-17-61 |
|-------------|------------|

- (30) LEROY RAE SOULE, son of Evelyn Rae Soule (15) and George W. Soule. b. Apr. 1, 1934. m. LOLA MAE CLARK. He works for Standard Brands Inc. as a salesman. They live at Mason, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|-----------------|------------|
| 47. Bruce Leroy | b. 7-25-55 |
|-----------------|------------|

- (31) LARRY GEORGE SOULE, son of Evelyn Rae Soule (15) and George W. Soule. b. July 10, 1938. m. JUDY ARMOUR of Holt, Mich. As this is written (1963), he is serving in the U.S. Army as a paratrooper.

- (32) LINDA KAY SOULE, dau. of Evelyn Rae Soule (15) and George W. Soule. b. May 16, 1942. m. LONIE DAY. Mr. Day is serving in the U.S. Air Force. Their home is at Battle Creek, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 48. Scott Anthony | b. 3- 9-61 |
| 49. Robin Kay | b. 5-26-63 |

GENEALOGY — SECTION IV

The Descendents of MARTHA DRAKE (1851-1936)

- (1) MARTHA DRAKE⁹, dau. of George Drake and Sarah Powell Drake of Dansville, Mich. b. Dec. 20, 1851 at Dansville. m. JAMES McCLELLAN of Chesaning, Michigan. They took up homestead land of 80 acres in Custer township, Mason county, Mich. in 1877. Mr. McClellan died 12-7-1917 at Custer. Martha McClellan died 8-4-1936 at Custer.

CHILDREN¹⁰

- | | | |
|--------------|---------------|---|
| 2. James Jr. | b. 6-17-1872 | Family follows |
| 3. Claud | b. 6- 7-1874 | He died in 1894. He was a school teacher. |
| 4. Grant | b. 1-18-1877 | fam. fol. |
| 5. Ferdinand | b. 11-17-1879 | fam. fol. |
| 6. Zelma | b. 1-15-1882 | fam. fol. |
| 7. May | b. 1-24-1884 | fam. fol. |
| 8. Nora | b. 7- 8-1886 | Never married. |
| 9. Harry | b. 7- 4-1890 | fam. fol. |
| 10. Martha | b. 2-27-1892 | Never married. |
| 11. McKinley | b. 8-18-1897 | fam. fol. |

- (2) JAMES McCLELLAN Jr.,¹⁰ son of Martha Drake McClellan (1) and James McClellan Sr. b. June 17, 1872 at Chesaning, Mich. m. MABEL FRANTZ. He was a farmer in Custer twp. He died 4-3-1933 at Custer. Mrs. Mabel McClellan lives at Custer.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|---------------------|---------------|-----------|
| 12. Geneva | b. 4-13-1902 | fam. fol. |
| 13. Grant | b. 4-14-1903 | fam. fol. |
| 14. Evelyn | b. 2-20-1907 | fam. fol. |
| 15. Leslie | b. 11-23-1909 | fam. fol. |
| 16. Martha Margaret | b. 11-29-1915 | fam. fol. |

- (4) GRANT McCLELLAN, son of Martha Drake McClellan (1) and James McClellan Sr. b. Jan. 18, 1877 at Chesaning. m. RACHEL ANN GANT. For a time Mr. McClellan was a railroad engineer in the West. Then he became a dentist in Oregon. He died at Grant's Pass, Ore. on 5-30-1953.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|-----------|
| 17. Greta | b. 10-15-1918 | fam. fol. |
| 18. June | b. 6- 2-1921 | fam. fol. |
| 19. Grant Jr. | b. 10- 7-1931 | fam. fol. |

- (5) FERDINAND McCLELLAN, son of Martha Drake McClellan (1) and James McClelland Sr. b. 11-17-1879 at Custer. m. ROYAL JOHNSON. Divorce. He is a retired farmer. He lives at Custer.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|-------------|------------|---|
| 20. Dorothy | b. 8- 9-18 | m. Edgar Smith. No children. He is tool & die maker. They live at Muskegon, Mich. |
| 21. Ruth | b. 8-17-23 | fam. fol. |

- (6) ZELMA McCLELLAN, dau. of Martha Drake McClellan (1) & James McClellan Sr. b. Jan. 15, 1882 at Custer. m. WILLIAM KAISER. She died at Valparaiso,, Indiana, 1-19-1954.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------|--|
| 22. Walter | b. 1-12-1909 | Not married. Lives at Valparaiso, Ind. |
| 23. Anna M. | b. 3-22-1910 | fam. fol. |
| 24. Randolph | b. 4-30-1914 | Not married. Lives at Valparaiso, Ind. |

- (7) MAY McCLELLAN, dau. of Martha Drake McClellan (1) and James McClellan Sr. b. 1-24-1884. m. EDWARD HILTON. She died at Ludington, Mich. on 12-6-32.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------|---|
| 25. Kermit | b. 5-1-1909 | fam. fol. |
| 26. Robert | b. 1-5-1911 | Not married. Served in World War II. Now at Veterans' Hospital, Battle Creek, Mich. |
| 27. Virginia | b. 6-8-21 | fam. fol. |

- (9) HARRY McCLELLAN, son of Martha Drake McClellan (1) and James McClellan Sr. b. July 4, 1890 at Custer. m. SADIE VIOLA McKEE. He died at Custer 11-23-1960 at age 70 years. They had lived together for 50 years. He was a farmer all of his life. Mrs. McClellan lives on the old farm home at Custer.

CHILDREN¹¹

- | | | |
|-------------|-------------|--|
| 28. Gerald | b. 11-17-11 | fam. fol. |
| 29. Everett | b. 12-25-13 | fam. fol. |
| 30. Lloyd | b. 10-24-16 | fam. fol. |
| 31. Grace | b. 4- 8-19 | Not married. Died 9-3-44. Had infantile paralysis. |
| 32. Ivan | b. 12- 3-21 | fam. fol. |
| 33. Lyle | b. 9-21-24 | fam. fol. |
| 34. Vera | b. 4-21-27 | fam. fol. |
| 35. Joyce | b. 12-22-29 | fam. fol. |
| 36. Betty | b. 9-28-32 | fam. fol. |
| 37. Rosetta | b. 4- 1-36 | fam. fol. |

- (11) McKINLEY McCLELLAN, son of Martha Drake McClellan (1) & James McClellan Sr. b. Aug. 18, 1897 at Custer. m. VIOLA DAVIS. He is a farmer and has lived all of his life on the homestead farm of his parents, at Custer.

CHILDREN¹¹

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|------------------|-------------|--------------------|
| 38. Isabelle E. | b. 2-14-23 | fam. fol. |
| 39. Elmer D. | b. 5-14-25 | fam. fol. |
| 40. Richard M. | b. 2-27-29 | fam. fol. |
| 41. Donald E. | b. 10- 4-30 | Not married (1963) |
| 42. Mary Madalyn | b. 3-13-34 | fam. fol. |

- (12) GENEVA McCLELLAN¹¹, dau. of James McClellan Jr. (2) and Mabel Frantz McClellan. b. Apr. 13, 1902 m. CHARLES LEROY

BOYER. Mr. Boyer died at Auburn, Mich. 7-8-61. Mrs. Boyer lives with her son, Walter James, in Auburn.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------|---|
| 43. Charles Leslie | b. 11-4-21 | Not married. He died in a training plane accident in U.S. Air Force service 3-8-44. |
| 44. Walter James | b. 8-3-26 | fam. fol. |
| 45. Clarence Dale | b. 2-7-35 | Not married. Killed 10-21-62 in dusting plane accident in Agricultural Service. |

- (13) GRANT McCLELLAN, son of James McClellan Jr. (2) and Mabel Frantz McClellan. b. Apr. 14, 1903 at Custer. m. RHODA MAY PHELPS. He is a manufacturer of truck trailer chassis and has an extensive operation reaching into several states. They live at Fruitport, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|------------------|-------------|-----------|
| 46. Claud Daniel | b. 8- 4-25 | fam. fol. |
| 47. Jack Dale | b. 10-11-28 | fam. fol. |

- (14) EVELYN McCLELLAN, dau. of James McClellan Jr. (2) and Mabel Frantz McClellan b. Feb. 20, 1907 at Custer. m. HARRY ARTHUR BARRE. He is a farmer at Custer, they live on their farm.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------|
| 48. Eugene A. | adopted. b. 12-4-41 |
|---------------|---------------------|

- (15) LESLIE McCLELLAN, son of James McClellan Jr. (2) and Mabel Franz McClellan. b. Nov. 23, 1909 at Custer. m. GLADYS VIOLA THOMAS. He is a dairy farmer and lives on the farm where he was born in Custer twp.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|-------------|-------------|--------------------------|
| 49. Shirley | b. 1-19-36 | fam. fol. |
| 50. Maxine | b. 11-21-39 | married. fam. space fol. |

- (16) MARTHA MARGARET McCLELLAN, dau. James McClellan Jr. (2) & Mabel Frantz McClellan. b. Nov. 29, 1915 at Custer. m. JENS THEODORE BARRE. He is a plant policeman. They live at Auburn, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------|--|
| 51. Theodore L. | b. 4-28-35 | fam. fol. |
| 52. Marlene L. | b. 3- 2-38 | fam. fol. |
| 53. Sharon Kaye | b. 8-27-40 | She is a school teacher, with A.B. degree. |
| 54. Peter S. | b. 6-17-53 | |

- (17) GRETA McCLELLAN, dau. of Grant McClellan (4) and Rachel Gant McClellan. b. Oct. 15, 1918. m. JAMES E. HAWKINS. He is a lumberman. They live at Grant's Pass, Ore.

CHILDREN¹²

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| 55. Lamont Edward | b. 12-18-39 |
| 56. Vickie Kaye | b. 4-13-42 |
| 57. Shellie Rae | b. 3-13-51 |

- (18) JUNE McCLELLAN, dau. of Grant McClellan (4) and Rachel Gant McClellan. b. June 2, 1921. m. LOYAL C. ALLEN. He is a sales representative. They live at Eugene, Ore.
CHILDREN¹²
58. Craig Allen b. 3-21-54
- (19) GRANT McCLELLAN Jr., son of Grant McClellan (4) and Rachel Gant McClellan. b. Oct. 7, 1931. m. WANDA MAY HILLS. He is an executive assistant of the U.S. Forest Service. They live at Oakridge, Ore.
CHILDREN¹²
59. Marta Elise b. 12-26-58
60. Eric Grant b. 6- 4-62
- (21) RUTH McCLELLAN, dau. of Ferdinand McClellan (5) and Royal Johnson McClellan. b. Aug. 17, 1923. m. FRANK R. SHILANDER. He is a sales engineer. Ruth Shilander died 3-22-61. Mr. Shilander remarried. Ruth's children live with them at Euclid, Ohio.
CHILDREN¹²
61. James Richard b. 3-25-50
62. John Robert b. 3-30-53
- (23) ANNA M. KAISER, dau. of Zelma McClellan Kaiser (6) and William Kaiser. b. Mar. 22, 1910. m. JOSEPH JOHN ROSSI. He is a manufacturer of church goods. They live at Lagrange Park, Ill.
CHILDREN¹²
63. Joan Ann b. 1-11-23 fam. fol.
64. Joseph b. 7-23-35 fam. fol.
65. Mary b. 2-19-39 fam. fol.
66. James b. 12-19-41 Attending Marquette Univ. (1963)
- (25) KERMIT HILTON, son of May McClellan Hilton (7) and Edward Hilton. b. May 1, 1909. m. MILDRED PATTERSON of Custer, Mich. Divorce. He is a machine operator at Continental Motors Corp. He lives at Muskegon.
CHILDREN¹²
67. Edward Peter b. 2-12-42
68. Gerald Lynn b. 3-17-43
69. Mary Ann b. 2- 1-44
- (27) VIRGINIA HILTON, dau. of May McClellan Hilton (7) and Edward Hilton. b. June 8, 1921. m. LEROY E. WRIGHT. She is physical instructor at North Park Health Club, San Diego, Cal. Mr. Wright builds and designs boat trailers. They live in San Diego.
CHILDREN¹²
70. Sharron Lee b. 1-7-45 She is a student at San Diego State College. (1963)
- (28) GERALD McCLELLAN, son of Harry McClellan (9) and Sadie McKee McClellan. b. Nov. 17, 1911 at Custer, Mich. m. JUNE JACOB POTTER. He owns and operates a gasoline service station and garage at Cedar Lake, Mich. where they live.
CHILDREN¹²

- | | | |
|------------------|------------|-----------|
| 72. Harry Lee | b. 3-19-43 | fam. fol. |
| 73. Beverly Jean | b. 3-18-44 | |

CHILDREN¹²

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- CHILDREN
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88. Robert	b. 7- 3-49
89. Duane	b. 4-16-51
90. James	b. 9- 2-53
91. Charles	b. 11-23-56
92. Brian	b. 8- 5-59

- (36) BETTY McCLELLAN, dau. of Harry McClellan (9) and Sadie McKee McClellan. b. Sept. 28, 1932. m. LOUIS RITTER. He is an automobile mechanic. They live at Ludington, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

93. Pamela Jean	b. 6-18-58
94. Penny Lou	b. 9- 9-62

- (37) ROSETTA McCLELLAN, dau. of Harry McClellan (9) and Sadie McKee McClellan. b. Apr. 1, 1936. m. CHARLES CHRISTMAS. He works for Howell Wire Products Co. They live at Fountain, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

95. Fred Arthur	b. 9-12-58
96. Timothy Charles	b. 9- 4-59
97. Christina Marie	b. 9-16-61

- (38) ISABELLE McCLELLAN, dau. of McKinley McClellan (11) and Viola Davis McClellan. b. Feb. 14, 1923. m. MONROE HUDDLESTUN. He is a machinist and a commercial photographer. They live at Muskegon Heights, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

98. Wayne	b. 10-19-42
99. Sandra	b. 6- 1-45 fam. fol.
100. Darrell	b. 7- 5-48
101. Suson	b. 3-17-55
102. Kathleen	b. 8- 6-56
103. Rhonda	b. 7-26-61

- (39) ELMER McCLELLAN, son of McKinley McClellan (11) and Viola Davis McClellan. b. May 14, 1925. m. LELLAH JEANNE McCULLOUGH. He is a graduate of Michigan State Univ. His work is dairy quality control for the Davey Manufacturing Co. They live at Flint, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

104. Davis Owen	b. 9-5-48
105. Richard Lynn	b. 5-8-54

- (40) RICHARD M. McCLELLAN, son of McKinley McClellan (11) and Viola Davis McClellan. b. Feb. 27, 1929. m. ARLENE BERTHA CORY. He is a welder. They live at Wyoming, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

106. Roger Steven	b. 5- 7-53
107. Diane Joy	b. 7- 2-54
108. Kirk Daniel	b. 3-22-56
109. Scott Richard	b. 12-18-60

- (42) MARY MADALYN McCLELLAN, dau. of McKinley McClellan (11) and Viola Davis McClellan. b. Mar. 13, 1934. m. RAYMOND ENGELBERG. He is a lathe operator. They live at Custer, Mich.
CHILDREN¹²
- 110. Deborah Kay b. 1- 4-54
 - 111. Kevin Ray b. 3- 5-56
 - 112. Teresa Marie b. 4-17-60
 - 113. Matthew Mark b. 12-15-61
- (44) WALTER JAMES BOYER,¹² son of Geneva McClellan Boyer (12) and Charles Leroy Boyer. b. Aug. 3, 1925. m. GLADYS LOUISE WIENERT. They live at Auburn, Mich. He works in the Dow Chemical Co. in Midland.
CHILDREN¹³
- 114. Charles Paul b. 3-14-49
 - 115. James Kenneth b. 3-24-52
 - 116. Beth Louise b. 7-15-58
- (46) CLAUD DANIEL McCLELLAN, son of Grant McClellan (13) and Rhoda Phelps McClellan. b. Aug. 4, 1926. m. ALBERTA RITZ. They live at Nunica, Mich.
CHILDREN¹³
- 117. Diane Kay b. 3-14-47
 - 118. Samuel Arthur b. 8-15-48
 - 119. Brian Lee b. 4-17-51
- (47) JACK DALE McCLELLAN, son of Grant McClellan (13) and Rhoda Phelps McClellan. b. Oct. 11, 1927. m. SHIRLEY WILLIAMS. He is a machinist. They live at Niles, Mich.
CHILDREN¹³
- 120. Pamela Jean b. 10- 9-52
 - 121. Craig Dale b. 4-10-55
 - 122. Bradley J. b. 1- 3-57
- (49) SHIRLEY McCLELLAN, dau. of Leslie McClellan (15) and Gladys Thomas McClellan. b. Jan. 19, 1936. m. LYNWOOD POINT. He is a sheet metal worker. He has had training as a merchant seaman and as an automotive engineer. They live at Sunnyvale, Cal.
CHILDREN¹³
- 123. Nancy Lynn b. 6- 2-55
 - 124. Karen Kay b. 5- 9-56
 - 125. Diane Marie b. 1-22-59
 - 126. Leslea Ann b. 1-24-63
- (50) MAXINE McCLELLAN, dau. of Leslie McClellan (15) and Gladys Thomas McClellan. b. Nov. 21, 1939. m. FRANK MARTINCHAK. He is employed by the Dow Chemical Co. They live at Custer, Mich.
- (51) THEODORE L. BARRE, son of Martha McClellan Barre (16) and Jens Theodore Barre. b. Apr. 28, 1935. m. LORNA GILLETTE. He is a laboratory technician. Mrs. Barre operates business machines. They live at Auburn, Mich.
CHILDREN¹³
- 127. Lawrence T. b. 11-10-53
 - 128. Veronica J. b. 7-10-55

- (52) MARLENE L. BARRE, dau. of Martha McClellan Barre (16) and Jens Theodore Barre. b. Mar. 2, 1938. m. RICHARD A. TUCKER. Mrs. Tucker is an elementary teacher, and he is a teacher of physical education. They live and teach at Gladwin, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

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|---------------|-------------|
| 129. Jody L. | b. 8-11-59 |
| 130. Julie C. | b. 6-21-61 |
| 131. Jeff T. | b. 11-26-62 |

- (63) JOAN ANN ROSSI, dau. of Ann Kaiser Rossie (23) and Joseph John Rossi. b. Jan. 11, 1933 at Chicago, Ill. m. ALFRED J. WARD, b. 12-4-31 in Essex, England. He was Pfc. in the U.S. Marine Corps for 2 years. He is now staff assistant for Service Master Inc., rug and furniture cleaners. They live at Lombard, Ill.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|------------------|------------|
| 132. Alfred | b. 4- 9-56 |
| 133. Gregory | b. 5-29-57 |
| 134. Christopher | b. 3- 1-59 |

- (64) JOSEPH ROSSI, son of Anna Kaiser Rossi (23) and Joseph John Rossi. b. July 23, 1935. m. CLARICE BUCHAN. He is technical service representative of Oakite Products. He had military service in the U.S. Army. They live at Berkley, Ill.

CHILDREN¹³

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|-------------|------------|
| 135. Thomas | b. 1-23-63 |
|-------------|------------|

- (65) MARY ROSSI, dau. of Anna Kaiser Rossi (23) and Joseph John Rossi. b. Feb. 19, 1939. m. FRANK R. COZZI. He is a college graduate and an insurance salesman. He is in the U.S. military service (1963). They live in Chicago, Ill.

CHILDREN¹³

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|---------------|------------|
| 136. Mary Ann | b. 7-30-61 |
|---------------|------------|

- (72) HARRY LEE McCLELLAN, son of Gerald McClellan (28) and June Potter McClellan. b. Mar. 19, 1943. m. ETHELYNE BARRON. He is a mechanic and operates a gasoline service station. They live at Cedar Lake, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

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|--------------------|------------|
| 137. Harry Lee Jr. | b. 11-7-62 |
|--------------------|------------|

- (99) SANDRA HUDDLESTUN, dau. of Isabelle McClellan Huddlestun (38) and Monroe Huddlestun. b. June 1, 1945. m. OWEN BICK-FORD. They live at Muskegon Heights, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 138. Michelle | b. 11-28-61 |
| 139. Renae | b. 1-11-63 |

GENEALOGY — SECTION V

Descendents of KATIE DRAKE (1854-1891)

- (1) KATIE DRAKE,⁹ dau. of George Drake and Sarah Powell Drake of Dansville, Mich. b. Feb. 27, 1854 at Dansville. m. NELSON BENJAMIN McCLELLAN of Chesaning, Mich. He had come from Canada and was born 6-4-1855 and died 4-19-1884 at Custer, Mich. They homesteaded land in Mason county in 1876. Katie McClellan died 1-1-1891 at Custer.

CHILDREN¹⁰

2. Nellie Katie b. 12-25-1875

- (2) NELLIE KATIE McCLELLAN,¹⁰ dau. of Katie Drake McClellan (1) and Nelson B. McClellan. b. Dec. 25, 1875 at Custer, Mich. Left an orphan at age 15 years, she was then cared for by her aunt, Cordelia Nason, in Chesaning. m. ARCHIBALD B. WICKHAM, M.D. of Chesaning. Dr. Wickham built a 100-bed sanitarium for the care and treatment of tuberculosis at Northville, Mich. Nellie Wickham died 6-6-1950 at Phoenix, Arizona. Dr. Wickham died the following year 10-27-1951.

CHILDREN¹¹

3. Cecil Archibald b. 5-27-1905 fam. fol.
4. Lucile Adelia b. 12- 3-1907 fam. fol.
5. Leone b. 8-26-1911 fam. fol.

- (3) CECIL WICKHAM,¹¹ son of Nellie McClellan Wickham (2) and Dr. Archibald B. Wickham. b. May 27, 1905, at Detroit, Mich. m. AGNES DURHAM of Chicago, Ill. Mr. Wickham died July 15, 1944 at Northville, Mich. Mrs. Wickham remarried and is now Mrs. Earl Green. They live at Wayne, Mich. Both Cecil and Agnes Wickham graduated from Olivet College. He was a high school science teacher. Agnes Wickham Green is now a Wayne High School counselor.

CHILDREN

6. Donald b. 1-15-34 fam. fol.
7. David b. 2-13-37 fam. fol.

- (4) LUCILE ADELIA WICKHAM, dau. of Nellie McClellan Wickham (2) and Dr. Archibald B. Wickham. b. Dec. 3, 1907 at Detroit. m. HAROLD RICHE ROEHM, M.D. Dr. Roehm is a specialist in pediatrics. He graduated from the Univ. of Mich. in 1925 with honors and has M.S. and M.D. degrees. They live at Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

CHILDREN¹²

8. Winifred b. 7-22-31 fam. fol.
9. George Herman b. 7-20-33 fam. fol.

- (5) LEONE WICKHAM, dau. of Nellie McClellan Wickham (2) and Dr. Archibald B. Wickham. b. Aug. 26, 1911 at Detroit. m. DEAN EATON DAVIS. He died 9-12-57. He was a cost analyst in plant

accounting for Detroit Edison Co., also holder of Alex. Dow award for outstanding service. Mrs. Davis works as a secretary clerk in the sales dept. of Det. Edison Co.

CHILDREN¹²

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|-------------------|------------|---|
| 10. Harlan Archie | b. 5-16-39 | |
| 11. Sarah Lucile | b. 7-12-42 | Student at Olivet College |
| 12. Diana Lee | b. 9-18-46 | High school student, Birming-
Mich. (1963) |

- (6) DONALD WICKHAM,¹² son of Cecil A. Wickham (3) and Agnes Durham Wickham. b. Jan. 15, 1934. m. JOANNE SUMMERS. He is a graduate of Eastern Mich. Univ., Ypsilanti, Mich. He served 2 years in the U.S. Army. He is manager of the General Public Loan office in Detroit. They live in Detroit.

CHILDREN¹³

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|---------------|------------|
| 13. Karen | b. 6- 3-57 |
| 14. Craig | b. 1-29-59 |
| 15. Brent Lee | b. 5-15-63 |

- (7) DAVID WICKHAM, son of Cecil A. Wickham (3) and Agnes Durham Wickham. b. Feb. 13, 1937. m. JOAN JOHNSON. He has a M.A. degree in music from the Univ. of Mich. He teaches music at the John Marshall High School, Wayne, Mich. They live at Wayne, Mich.

CHILDREN¹³

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|---------------|-----------|
| 16. Elizabeth | b. 1-4-62 |
|---------------|-----------|

- (8) WINIFRED ROEHM, dau. of Lucile Wickham Roehm (4) and Dr. Harold R. Roehm. b. July 22, 1931. m. ROBERT OSCAR HIRSCH. Mrs. Winifred Hirsch is a graduate of Kingswood School, Cranbrook and Wellesley College, Mass. with a degree of liberal arts. They live at Cape Girardeau, Mo.

CHILDREN¹³

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|-----------------------|------------|
| 17. Lucile Fitzgerald | b. 8-24-53 |
| 18. Ellen Roehm | b. 6-12-55 |
| 19. Christian Robert | b. 4-28-58 |
| 20. Margaret Ione | b. 5-19-60 |

- (9) GEORGE HERMAN ROEHM, son of Lucile Wickham Roehm, (4) and Dr. Harold R. Roehm. b. July 20, 1933. m. DRUSCILLA GALT HEADLEE of Annapolis, Md. Graduate of Cranbrook School and of the Univ. of Mich. He served with U.S. Marines in Korea. He works in the I.B.M. in Dearborn, Mich. They live in Dearborn.

CHILDREN¹³

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|------------------|------------|
| 21. Carl Michael | b. 1-26-63 |
|------------------|------------|

For your later record

Family number:

BIRTHS

Fam. number:

MARRIAGES

Fam. number:

DEATHS

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